

The SIGN



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



- THE VATICAN AND WAR - - - - Denis Gwynn
"PROGRESS" IN STALIN'S PARADISE - William G. Ryan
INSIDE WASHINGTON - - - Joseph F. Thorning
COLUMBUS, PITCHER - - - E. Francis McDevitt
CATHOLIC IDEAL IN EDUCATION - Edward Fitzpatrick
THE SAVING QUARREL - - - Douglas Newton
SEERS OF THE CRUCIFIED - - Bertrand Weaver

JUNE 1940

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Graduation Will Be Just The Beginning

THE SIGN

+

Union City-N. J.

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The SIGN



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Personal MENTION

• GLOWING Soviet claims of cultural "Progress" in Stalin's Paradise are torn apart by WILLIAM G. RYAN. Suspicious of the boasting over Russia's literary output, he went to the sources.

Midwestern born and privileged to live in an excellent home environment, he chose to spend much of his leisure in personally investigating social conditions on farms and in mines, factories, and large cities. In Chicago he married a Hungarian girl whose ideas were much like his own. They joined the Communist Party in 1929 and roved the country as active members. Both went to



Jerome J. O'Dowd

for his change of views. He now writes and lectures.

• PRIZE WINNER of a National Federation of Catholic College Students' contest was JEROME J. O'DOWD. THE SIGN is pleased to publish his paper, *Fighting Print With Print*. His brief account of the movement to fight filth from the Press is a modest one, but the action taken by himself and his fellow students has achieved national proportions. Well worth reading is their pamphlet, *No Smut*.

In his fourth year at Notre Dame University, this twenty-one-year-old author is finishing his first year in the College of Law. His home is in Fort Wayne, Indiana.



Edward A. Fitzpatrick

Spain in 1937 — he as an International Brigader, and she in a medical unit. Bitterly disillusioned, he returned to the United States after escaping from a Stalinist prison. His study and experiences have been responsible

• AN ARTICLE on the *Catholic Ideal in Education* might seem to be more in order for an autumn issue. We are purposefully presenting it now in the hope that it will attract the attention of parents whose children are to enter institutions

tions of higher learning this coming September.

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK has had a varied and full career. Educated in his home city at the New York Training School for Teachers, he has taken degrees at Columbia and Loyola. He is now editor of the *Catholic School Journal* and President of Mount Mary College for Women, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

• THE VATICAN AND WAR, by DENIS GWYNN—for some years a correspondent of THE SIGN—is the first in a series of four articles on the efforts of recent Pontiffs in behalf of peace. The research apparent in his historical essays may find fuller development in book form.

TREMENDOUS FORCES are engaged in Europe in the work of destruction. It is refreshing to read, by way of contrast, of a program that is bringing better living to people who have suffered from grim poverty. EILEEN EGAN draws a rosy picture of *Dream Villages in Portugal*.

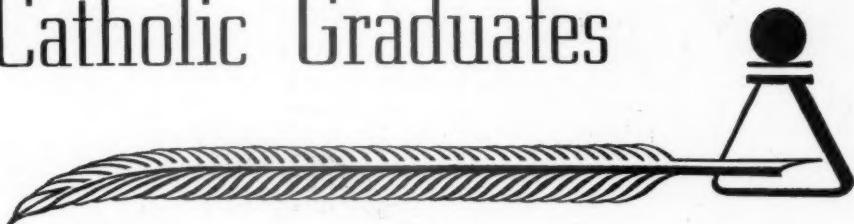
From Pontypridd, South Wales, she came to the United States. Hunter College, the University of Michigan, and special courses in London account for her education. She is a member of the Catholic Evidence Guild of New York City. If her plans have not been upset, she is now on her way back to Portugal.



William G. Ryan

EDITORIAL

Our Catholic Graduates



THEY like to feel that they have finished—these young men and women who will step forward soon to receive their diplomas. They feel relieved and light-hearted that years of studies, instructions, and examinations are completed. Yet they know, for they are intelligent, that this is but the beginning; that they are facing the years ahead—not alone—but very much more on their own resources than ever before in their lives.

Competition, the struggle for jobs, adjustment to business and social relations with more mature persons—all these will claim their immediate attention. Eagerness and hope are stamped on their faces as they turn to the tasks before them. While some few may be under the illusion that they will conquer the world with ease, the vast majority are ready for hard work.

With the horrors of war spreading rapidly and its economic repercussions sounding throughout the world, our graduates must be aware that they are living in abnormally serious times. Much may be asked of them in effort, struggle, and sacrifice.

They will be far more ready to meet these odds if they have been formed in character as well as informed in mind. This training, they will come to realize as they grow older, is one for which they are indebted to their Catholic education. True moral values as well as scientific facts are theirs. They know the worthlessness of riches without honor, and of success without peace. And though the very principles they hold will place them at times in an unfair position against unscrupulous competition, they will forego a passing prosperity for their cherished ideals.

YOUNG shoulders cannot be asked to bear the burden of a world that is going back to the old, savage rule of force. But there is hope that the freshness of spirit and the vigor of action which youth possesses will eventually make their mark. The coming years are theirs, and they should have something to say about the world in which they are going to live.

Since their inheritance, both of good and of evil, is from this and yesterday's generation they are entitled to help and guidance from their elders. To ignore youth in the selfish fear that it will too soon assume responsibility is stupid. The more co-operation it is given, the more surely it will help to solve the problems which are common to all ages.

One thing is certain. The graduates who will now infiltrate into positions cannot defend our faith and our democracy unless they firmly believe in both. Rubbing against the cynical and unbelieving, against the dissatisfied and un-American, they must be prepared to stand their ground. And they cannot hold what they have if they feel that education ceases when they say farewell to their alma mater.

From that moment self-education, through contact with Catholic and American principles and through proper reading, must be their course. If it is not, they will later awaken to the fact that they have absorbed ideas and accepted codes of action which have stripped them of their cherished possessions.

OF EQUAL importance is the duty of parents, where possible, to support the Catholic tradition of education by sending their children to our institutions of higher learning. Admitting certain advantages of secular colleges—advantages often made possible by the taxes we Catholics pay—there are other considerations which should be the determining factors.

Social contacts which will ripen into business associations, better-equipped buildings which make for comfort, fraternity attractions which appeal to the young—none of these can supply for Catholic atmosphere and Catholic training. Exposure to teachings which undermine the Faith and insinuate doubts into young minds is too great a risk to be taken for any worldly gain.

The very support of our Catholic educational system will itself bring improvements which are so desirable, but which limited resources at present make impossible. It will be a satisfaction to our departing graduates to know that their places are being filled. To their devoted teachers it will be the greatest reward for their untiring efforts to advance the cause of Catholic education.

Father Kephane Maguire C.S.C.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

THIS is no time for hysteria in the matter of our national defense, but the wars in Europe and Asia have taught us—or should have taught us—that we are living in a world populated in large part by national brigands.

Our Most Pressing Problem

Germany, Russia, and Japan have clearly demonstrated that they recognize no law but the law of might, that they set no limit to their greed but their power to take what belongs to others. There is no action however vile that they cannot justify in the terms of a morality which they themselves have invented and which they have substituted for the laws of decency and justice on which our Christian and Western civilization is based.

In the face of such a situation, public opinion, the President, and the Congress have been aroused to a consciousness of our need to prepare an adequate national defense. With the hearty approval of the Congress and the country at large, President Roosevelt called for an expenditure of over a billion dollars on our military establishment. It is rather disconcerting, in view of the fact that over \$10,000,000,000 has been spent on defense since 1934, to find a considerable lack of agreement as to the effectiveness of that spending. In his address to Congress, the President said: "Loose talking and loose thinking on the part of some may give the false impression that our American Army and Navy are not first rate, or that money has been wasted on them. Nothing could be further from the truth."

Only a few days before the President's speech, Senator Lodge of Massachusetts declared on the floor of the Senate: "At the present time we have weapons for only 75,000 men, if we count tanks, semi-automatic rifles, artillery, and other essentials. If we had to procure weapons for 400,000 we would be up against a delay which might last anywhere from a year to eighteen months. We not only would face the problem of not having plants to produce the weapons, but we have not got the personnel trained to make them. The effect of this kind of delay on the fortunes of Great Britain in the current European war has, I think, impressed us all."

Major General William N. Haskell wrote recently that the Regular Army and the National Guard are "woefully inadequate" and that the "situation is sickening."

It is quite evident that one of our first needs is to find out exactly what our needs are and how best to supply them. Appropriating money is not sufficient. Recent years have proven that to be one of the easiest things that Congress does. There should be a detailed, exact, and immediate study of our defense needs by a

joint bi-partisan committee of the House and Senate, aided by experts. There should be a vast increase in our industrial capacity for turning out modern and efficient military equipment. For this it would be well for the Government to use the talents of men of outstanding and undoubted business ability, regardless of political affiliations. There is a sad lack of such men in Washington at present.

And whatever is done should be done quickly. Allied unpreparedness should serve as an example of the cost of delay. And if there is to be any mistake in the extent of our military preparedness let it be of too much rather than too little. The one mistake can be easily remedied. The other is fatal.

EUROPE presents a sad picture and one in which there appear few hopeful signs. The war going on at present gives every indication of being a fight to the finish.

Who Will Gain by the War?

Even though the Allies win the war it could be only after years of struggle in which millions of men would be killed and a large part of Europe laid waste. A stalemate or a victory for the Nazis would be even more terrible to contemplate.

And to make the situation even more alarming there is the specter of Russia looming threateningly on the Eastern horizon. The Soviet Union has hopes of playing an important and even a decisive role in the tragedy that is now being enacted in Western Europe. Russia hopes to profit, whichever way the fortunes of war turn. A German defeat would open Eastern Europe and the Balkans to the Red Army and to Red propaganda. The chaotic conditions of 1918-1919, when Germany was torn by revolutions and counter-revolutions, would be repeated and the Reds would stand ready to over-run the land in the face of an exhausted Allied Army. It is easy to imagine the glorious role that Italy could play in such circumstances, but present indications are that she is thinking of what she can gain from the conflict rather than what she can do for the salvation of Europe.

Even a German victory could be used by the Reds to their own advantage. The Nazi-Soviet partnership has already worked to their profit by the partition of Poland and Scandinavia. They could rightly expect that continued economic assistance to Germany would be rewarded, in case of a German victory, by further territorial grants. Whatever the outcome of the war, the Reds hope and expect that it will work for the aggrandizement of the Soviet Union and the spread of Communism over large sections of Europe and perhaps the Near East and Asia.

THE enthusiastic reception accorded the President's speech by the members of the House and Senate, pre-saged the acceptance of his appeal for defense funds.

A New Budget for Preparedness

our shores from various strategic points. Prolonged applause greeted his wish that our plane production might be geared to an output of 50,000 a year.

His allocation of funds is presumed to be based on the opinions of experts in army, navy, and air circles for, as he admitted, these experts know far more about our needs along these lines than do we. There can be no disagreement with his plea that speed be a predominant factor in preparedness.

It is the wish of the American citizen to avoid war but to be ready to prevent or to frustrate any attack that may threaten our liberties. Even as a distant observer of Europe's conflict, however, he realizes that the finest of equipment is wasted unless there is unity among the various arms of our service. Co-ordination of effort alone can insure a full measure of success.

The warning that Congress may be called again is a natural one. Never have events moved with such startling rapidity as in these last few months. There is no indication that this history-making pace will slow down. Rather there hangs over the world the threat that the conflagration may leap to other countries which until now have not been directly affected.

While we arm for any emergency, our unceasing drive for peace—both as individuals and as a nation—should not falter. God grant that we may be spared the challenge of having to use the force we are preparing to defend ourselves.

To date one of the more isolated neutrals, Portugal, continues its unheralded march of progress and peace. We have referred before in these pages to a few of the substantial movements there

Peace and Progress in Portugal

which are bestowing on the citizens of that country blessings long denied them. With no fanfare and little publicity the government of Salazar is establishing a record for enlightened rule.

In this issue Miss Eileen Egan presents first-hand observations of Portugal's Dream Villages—projects which are insuring decent, low-priced homes to those who long lived in unsanitary and unwholesome surroundings. For our own belated and inadequate program for housing facilities we might learn lessons both in construction and financing from the satisfactory progress made in Portugal.

Another step forward is the recently signed concordat between that country and the Vatican. Comprising thirty-one articles, it recognizes the juridical status of the Catholic Church and its organizations. Important articles treat of religious instruction in schools, the ownership of Church property (now held by the State), and marriage regulations. First of its kind to be signed is a "missionary accord", an agreement pertaining to the activities of missionaries in the Portuguese colonies. To the government of Portugal the Vatican accords the

privilege of being presented with the names of candidates for Bishoprics.

Naturally the eyes of the world are focussed on the ever-enlarging theatre of war. The spectacle fascinates even while it chills us with fear. But it is well to have the distraction and the encouragement of the smaller scene of a nation quietly building its future for peace. Normal living is real news today.

THOUGHTS which must come to every serious mind were strongly, and with a natural tone of sadness, expressed by Secretary of State Cordell Hull in his address to the

Whom Shall Science Serve?

American Scientific Con-gress. The stark demon-stration of the anti-social and anti-moral use of the achievements of science;

the ruthless wieldng of weapons which were made pos-sible by scientific discoveries; the forcing of other na-tions to arm in self-defense—all combined to make science, in some countries, the handmaid of oppression and brute force.

It is appalling, apart even from the more dreadful spectacle of wholesale human slaughter, to realize that the advances in metallurgy, chemistry, topography, aeronautics, photography, and kindred sciences and in-ventions are pressed into the service of destruction. Man builds and man destroys. He toils for decades to discover a cure or to conquer a germ, and saves thou-sands of lives. Then, in anger, he uses all his skill to blot millions of human beings out of existence.

The Secretary of State went to the root of the evil when he declared, "Human progress is impossible without a strong moral and spiritual foundation. A nation which curbs freedom of thought or denies the dignity of the human soul dooms itself inevitably to decadence. Science cannot flourish when it is forced into the nar-row confines of national frontiers. Its progress is founded upon a universal fellowship that knows no dis-tinctions of race or creed or nationality, of class or group."

From the bitter and bloody battle that now drenches the soil of Europe, will men learn that spiritual and moral values alone can guarantee a future peace? Or will they again become the victims of scientific research which their own patient industry has promoted?

THE La Follette Civil Liberties Committee of the Senate was told by "experts" that the most serious problem of over-production on American farms was

not that of pigs or corn or cows—but children! Profoundly disturbed—so we gather from the presenta-tion of his testimony—Mr.

Frank Lorimer stated that 400,000 farm youths are coming of age every year. Half of this number "would suffice to replace those farm workers who die or pass the age of sixty-five each year. The other half must choose between primitive subsistence in farming or turn to the open road in search of opportunities which do not exist." His figures indicate that we are piling up a reservoir of 2,000,000 potential migrants within the next decade.

The gloom cast by Mr. Lorimer's report should be

dissipated by some of his other admissions. He agrees that the birth rate in our cities is below normal. He has not apparently permitted himself the encouragement of visioning a great number of those youths coming into our urban districts to take over positions. He does not know that there is country soil on the shoes of many of the men and women who now walk the tiled or carpeted floors of our offices.

Miss Katherine Lenroot, chief of the Federal Children's Bureau, states that "the 1940 census will be the first to record a decrease in the total child population." She further observes that while children under twenty numbered 48,300,000 in 1930, they will number about 43,000,000 in 1940.

Still the birth-controllers zealously push their cause. Socialites, who have no children and wonder what to do with their time, broadcast information for the benefit of those who have large families. More alarming than the activities of such individuals is the aid given, directly and indirectly, through federal, state, county, and city funds. Many months ago Don Wharton referred to this in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "In Winston-Salem, a pamphlet giving dates for clinics goes out with each birth certificate. In another county, where there is a homestead project, the contraceptive clinic has the financial support of the Federal Government."

Is it any wonder that Mr. Montavon of the N.C.W.C. indignantly rejected an invitation to the American Negro Exposition to be held in Chicago under the authorization of the Illinois Legislature—since the invitation announced that the Birth Control Federation of America would have an exhibit there. He denounces as unthinkable that a population plan is to be inaugurated "in which the theory of 'racism' is to be applied against Negroes and that 'birth control' is to be the method by which the Negro population in the United States is to be decimated." We strongly urge our readers to secure the forthcoming N.C.W.C. booklet, *A Symposium on Birth Control*, since the movement is developing into one of national importance.

HIGHLY commendable is the ambition, expressed by a number of prominent citizens, that the United States be a bulwark for civilization when peace comes.

Putting Our House in Order

countries. Raw materials and finished products do not make up civilization. If we are not outstanding morally, if we cannot offer the world a proven program for social justice and national welfare, we are simply acting the part of hypocrites.

Just how are we prepared, at the present moment, to stand on a pedestal before the confused world? Apart from the alarm which the European scene has spread throughout the nation, it is freely admitted that our defense is shamefully inadequate. This would be no reflection on a country that is pursuing the way of peace were it not for the fact that considerable sums have been spent to assure us of preparedness.

In the solution of unemployment we are still running around in circles. Labor problems, though not as involved as they were a few years since, continue to

plague us. Our monetary experiments are now under the barrage of disconcerting facts. Industry, as Horace Frommelt remarked at the Buffalo Catholic Conference, needs to put into effect a management "that recognizes man's spiritual composition and his other-worldly destination." Agriculture cries out that unfair prices and unsatisfactory distribution haunt it.

We are not yielding to pessimism, but simply acknowledging facts in admitting these evils. Democracy gives us the privilege of airing grievances and demanding remedies. But democracy does not entitle us to neglect the God-given opportunities that are within our reach for justice, decent living, domestic peace, and individual security. Until we have exercised more intelligent and successful efforts to attain this, it ill behoves us to elect ourselves as models and mentors for the rest of the world. Why not put our own house in order before leaning over the fence to give advice to our neighbors?

THE sharp contest over President Roosevelt's reorganization plan No. Four resulted in another victory for the Administration. Transfer of the Civil Aeronautics

CAA Transfer To "Federal Family"

Authority to the Department of Commerce was the point at issue. The debate took on a more serious tone because, as is admitted, our commercial air development is indirectly at least related to national defense and that is a very important thing these days.

Government has exercised various degrees of interest and control in commercial aviation. Partial subsidies for air mail have aided its growth. More recently the training of civilian pilots by the CAA has been closely watched by army and navy officials, with a view to the selection of personnel.

When Congress created the CAA in 1938, it gave it authority to determine air routes, rates, schedules, safety regulations, and control of traffic. Highly satisfactory has been the functioning of this authority. An increase of over 300,000 passengers was carried by commercial planes last year. In fourteen months not a single passenger, pilot, or crew member lost his life—an enviable record for any method of transportation.

It is to this record that Senator McCarran and his followers appealed in fighting the reorganization plan. He pleaded that the CAA be kept out of the political arena and left to continue its progressive way.

The President argued that further efficiency would come from his plan, that the Air Safety Board, which investigates accidents, should have the power to enforce its recommendations, and—perhaps his main reason—that the entire aeronautics program should be brought "more closely into the federal family." The President won. He has given assurance that the independence of the CAA will in no way be affected by the transfer.

The nation has not forgotten the type of political control which placed the former Bureau of Air Commerce in such a bad light. Impressed as never before as to the part aviation holds in the struggle which now grips so many nations, the people of the United States will rightly demand that nothing in the new organization be permitted to hamper the efficiency of the CAA.

The Vatican and War

*The First of Four Timely Articles Which Record
Unceasing Papal Efforts For Peace in Recent Decades*

By DENIS GWYNN

THE appointment of President Roosevelt's personal representative to the Holy See is one of the few really constructive steps yet taken toward leading Europe back to peace before it is overwhelmed in a universal collapse which must involve the neutrals scarcely less than the belligerent Powers. But it would be folly to expect that the Vatican can succeed in reconciling the tremendous conflict which is now in progress until many radical changes have taken place.

The new Pope is endeavoring, just as Pope Benedict XV strove throughout the last war, to bring about a cessation of hostilities as the prelude to a general reconstruction which shall restore peace and security. But the same apparently insuperable difficulties confront him now as confronted him in 1917 when, as the newly appointed Nunzio to Munich, he was sent to ascertain how far the victorious German government was prepared to relinquish its military conquests before Benedict XV issued his final appeal for peace and stated his own peace proposals.

The difficulties are even greater today than they were then, but the forces working for peace are now much stronger. The influence of the Vatican is incomparably greater than it was in 1914; and in estimating the prospects of success it is necessary to recall the conditions which existed at that time. In this series of four articles, discussing the po-

sition of the Holy See under each of the last four Popes, I hope to indicate the clearly defined attitude of the Vatican and the remarkable growth of its influence among the nations since the beginning of the last war.

It is seldom realized today how calamitous had been the decline of the Church's influence in Europe during the pontificate of Pius X. The long reign of Leo XIII had been marked by a constant preoccupation with political and social questions. As the successor of Pio Nono he had been obliged to follow the tradition of voluntary imprisonment in the Vatican, in protest against the de-

thronement of the Temporal Power and the confiscation of the Papal States in 1870. But Leo XIII had worked incessantly for reconciliation between the Church and the modern world.

In regard to France particularly he threw all his influence on the side of younger Catholics who believed that the French monarchy had gone forever, and that the Church must learn to co-operate loyally with the Republic. At the same time he gave his utmost encouragement to Catholic movements for social reconstruction. In many encyclicals, especially in *Rerum Novarum*, he became the champion of the laboring classes in

their efforts to improve their conditions of life and to defend their rights by organizing trade unions. These policies provoked intense controversy at the time, and aroused deep concern among the older conservatives, particularly in France. And when Leo XIII died in 1903, there was a general sense of satisfaction that his successor Pius X was conspicuously a "religious" rather than a "political" Pope.

That description of the familiar contrast between two types of Pope was more than usually appropriate. Leo XIII was a born diplomat, of extraordinary energy and courage and intellectual power, whereas Pius X was essentially a simple country priest. The son of a poor shepherd in Venetia, he had become Patriarch of Venice, and had the reputation of outstand-



Pope Pius X, during whose reign the World War began

ing personal spirituality. He was overwhelmed by the suggestion that he might be elected as Pope, and in his humility he implored the Cardinals to choose somebody else. But the Emperor of Austria had exercised for the last time his privilege of vetoing the alternative candidate, Cardinal Rampollo, and Pius X commanded absolute confidence on all sides. He was elected in the belief that he would introduce a different regime, leaving politics aside and devoting himself to religious organization.

It was a tragic irony that this generous-hearted and simple-minded Pope should have been exposed immediately to the full storm of the anti-religious movement which was then sweeping through Europe. He desired peace with all countries, but in many parts of Europe the anti-religious politicians, directed by the Grand Orient, had gained control. They believed that the Church had suffered a mortal blow by the overthrow of the Temporal Power, and they were determined to complete its destruction.

France became the chief center of anti-religious warfare, and soon after the election of Pope Pius X the Radicals under Emile Combes gained complete control. They expelled the religious orders from France, launched a determined attack upon all religious teaching in the schools, and abolished the Concordat which had existed for a hundred years, since Napoleon had established it after the French Revolution. They decreed the complete separation of Church and State, confiscated all Church property, and abruptly terminated the long-established diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

WHILE this quarrel with France occupied most of his pontificate, there was a similar quarrel with Portugal when the monarchy was overthrown by a revolution and an anti-clerical republic replaced it. The Vatican's relations with Portugal, as well as France, were cut off. And in Italy, where Leo XIII had labored for appeasement and where Pius X had so ardently desired peace, the anti-clerical politicians redoubled their attacks upon the Papacy.

Only one new Concordat was signed by the Vatican while Pius X

occupied the Papal throne, and even that one was the result of increased anxieties. While traditionally Catholic countries so important as Italy, France, and Portugal had become openly hostile to the Holy See, there was a constant menace of more widespread oppression by Russia of the Catholic Church in eastern Europe. The two Balkan wars of 1910 and 1912 resulted in a large expansion of Slav influences, and in the summer of 1914 a new Concordat was concluded with Serbia to provide for the largely increased Catholic population in its now greater territory.

And in the background of all these conflicts and anxieties there was constantly present to the mind of Pius X the foreboding of a far greater disaster for the whole of Europe. His Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, has revealed that for at least three years before 1914 the Pope had been haunted by the certainty that a world war was impending. He had even become convinced that 1914 was to be the year of doom. And when Merry del Val used to express hopes that the Powers would never bring themselves to face such mutual destruction, the old Pope would reply: "I pity my successor. The *religio de-populata* is at hand."

It was a clear and definite foreboding of disaster, and he knew that his own life would end with its coming. Yet he was powerless to avert it. Even the great Catholic countries had mostly turned against the Holy See. France had become the headquarters of militant atheism, as openly as Moscow has become its center in subsequent years. And to the non-Catholic world the existence of so much defiant hostility to the Church among the countries with strongly Catholic traditions conveyed that the Holy See's influence in Europe would never recover from the downfall of the Temporal Power.

Spain and Austria, almost alone in Europe, still showed their faithful attachment to the Holy See. And when in the midsummer of 1914 the heir to the Austrian Empire was assassinated at Sarajevo by agents of the Pan-Slav agitation in Serbia, the old Pope's personal sympathies were deeply stirred. For years he had counted upon the Austrian Empire as the chief bulwark against Russian

aggression, and as the defender of the Church in Central Europe. Austria's stringent demands to Serbia for reparation and punishment received the approval of Cardinal Merry del Val as Secretary of State; and even the ultimatum to Serbia which soon set all Europe ablaze seemed justifiable in spite of its severity.

But while the Pope shared the personal sorrow of the Austrian Emperor in his bereavement, he could not doubt that the catastrophe which he had dreaded for so long was now at hand. Austria was in fact being incited by Germany to set the pace in a deliberate challenge to Russia and her ally, France. Within a few weeks the armies of Europe were mobilizing everywhere. Backed by Russian support, Serbia rejected the Austrian ultimatum as intolerable, and the Emperor replied by preparation for immediate war.

ON THE eve of Armageddon the Emperor sent word to Pope Pius X through his Ambassador at the Vatican, requesting the Papal blessing for his armies. But the Pope knew well what must be expected if war began, and he refused the Emperor's request with the immortal reply: "I bless peace, not war." There was scarcely a country in Europe to which he could appeal for assistance in mediation with any prospect even of receiving a respectful hearing.

The contrast of 1914 with the summer of 1939 at the Vatican is indeed extraordinary. Of the Great Powers immediately involved in 1914, neither France nor England nor Russia had any official representative at the Holy See. Austria and Spain alone had Ambassadors there, while among the belligerents Belgium, Prussia, and Bavaria alone had Ministers. Yet when Germany violated the neutrality of Belgium, as a short-cut to the invasion of France, the Allies believed that they were really taking part in a "crusade" against German militarism. They complained bitterly that the Pope did not range himself openly against German aggression on the side which was in fact led by an infidel France, a Protestant England, and an anti-Catholic Russia.

Seldom indeed had the influence of the Holy See counted for so little in the international relations of Europe. Pius X realized his own

helplessness, and in the message which he addressed to all the world he could appeal only for prayers that Europe might be saved from destruction. He knew that his own death was very near, although he showed no signs even of approaching illness.

The German armies stormed their way across Belgium, whose neutrality Germany had pledged herself to protect. Some of Europe's most sacred shrines were ruined or set on fire by their bombardments, while priests were shot among the hostages in towns which offered resistance. And in Austrian Poland similar tragedies were being inflicted around Lemberg, while the Russians broke through the Austrian defenses. Yet from the see of Peter there came no public protest or condemnation of either side.

Alike to the Austrians who had been refused the Pope's blessing when they went to war, and to the Allies when they clamored for a "moral condemnation" of the violation of Belgium, the silence of Pius X appeared as a sign of impotence and cowardice. And when Cardinal Mercier, amid the ruins of Malines and Louvain, confronted the military invasion with an unflinching resistance which made him a symbolic figure throughout the world, it seemed all the more strange that the Holy See issued no word of sympathy or encouragement to Belgium.

The world could not know that through diplomatic and ecclesiastical channels the Pope was already using every influence that might conceivably be effective in those crowded weeks of horror and desolation. Then suddenly came the news that the Pope was critically ill. Within less than two days he had died, as he had foreseen, and the Cardinals had to assemble hurriedly from many countries to elect his successor. Brussels was occupied by the Germans on the day he died; and while the Conclave was sitting the French Government fled from Paris to Bordeaux. Never in history had such an appalling prospect of turmoil and devastation faced the new occupant of St. Peter's throne, and scarcely ever had it been so forsaken by the nations.

Yet the new Pope, who chose the name of Benedict XV, was to make the Church's voice resound above the frenzied clamors of a war which

gradually spread through every continent. Those peoples who had repudiated the Holy See and gloried in insulting it were within the few years of his reign to return as supplicants for its guidance and its charity. And those who had regarded the Vatican as a moribund survival from the Middle Ages were to solicit the privilege of maintaining permanent relations with the Holy See.

His name was little known even in Italy, although his career had been an ideal training for the Papacy. As a young assistant to the great Cardinal Rampolla he had even become Under-Secretary of State in the last years of Leo's reign. But when Pius X had inaugurated a new regime he had been replaced, and was afterward removed from Rome to become Archbishop of Bologna. When he was elected Pope his attitude toward the war could only be guessed. All that was known was his letter to his Vicar General before he went to the Conclave, in which he expressed his earnest hope that his clergy would avoid any action that was not strictly neutral.

But his attitude was revealed immediately as being very different from mere neutrality between the belligerents. In an address to the whole Catholic world two days after his coronation, he declared that Europe was being "laid waste with fire and sword and reddened with Christian blood." He announced his firm resolution to "leave nothing undone which can conduce to hasten the ending of this calamity." And to the rulers of the nations he appealed at once to "agree that already enough of human blood has been shed, enough of ruin has been caused. Let them hasten to open peace negotiations and join hands again."

Within less than two months he issued his first encyclical. It denounced the whole war as a "fratricidal strife" between peoples who were all children of the same Divine Father. He implored the rulers of the nations to hearken to his voice. "Surely there are other ways and means by which violated rights can be rectified. Let them be honestly and sincerely tried and in the meantime let arms be laid aside."

These appeals for peace negotiations were continued with increasing intensity while the Pope undertook

active efforts to secure the exchange of prisoners incapacitated for further war service and of interned civilians. When Christmas approached he appealed personally to all the belligerent rulers for a brief armistice during the Christmas festival. His request was even accepted in principle by the Central Powers and by England, but the anti-clerical government in France refused to suspend military operations. On the eastern front the difference in date between the Catholic and the Orthodox festivals caused a special difficulty, but the Pope appealed to the Czar also though without success.

These active interventions, and the passionate earnestness of the Pope's appeals for peace, had made a much deeper impression than was generally known. The governments on both sides thanked him sincerely for his success in arranging for the exchange of prisoners, and for his many actions in furtherance of charitable relief. But they not merely appreciated his good intentions—they had discovered under war conditions that the Catholic Church was an international force of immeasurable influence in practical affairs from day to day.

At the Conclave after Pope Pius X died the Cardinals from enemy countries had met each other behind closed doors. Those who came from countries unrepresented at the Holy See discovered that their war aims were misunderstood in Rome, whereas both Germany and Austria had resident Ministers who could state their case and obtain practical assistance. The appointment of chaplains for the fighting forces and for prisoners, the conduct of the foreign missions, were only some of many vital problems in which the Holy See exercised authority.

Realization of this truth came so quickly that within a few months after war was declared the British Government had, in departure from all its traditions, made the momentous decision of requesting permission to appoint a resident Minister at the Holy See. It was only the first of many such decisions in those critical years, which resulted in a vast extension of the Vatican's direct relations with the governments of the world. The ground lost in the pontificate of Pius X was being recovered with astonishing rapidity.

"Progress" In Stalin's Paradise

By WILLIAM G. RYAN



HARLEY M. GRIFFITHS

COUNTESS IRINA SKARIATINA is a Russian lady who has won considerable fame in America as a writer and lecturer. Madame Skariatina is now an American citizen, the wife of a retired naval officer, but she returns almost every year to Russia. Incidentally, she is about the only Russian aristocrat who dares to do so, and she has the further distinction of being the first member of her class to adopt a friendly attitude toward the Soviets.

Like most lecturers she has an unchanging central theme which appears and reappears in all her talks and around which she revolves her minor ideas. Condensed into a few plain understandable English words it is this: "Things may not be so good in Soviet Russia, but after all it's better there than it was under the Czar. In short, the Soviets have made progress."

More than once I have heard the Countess develop this simple thesis in charmingly accented English. For a long time I believed it myself. So did almost everyone else. During the period when pro-Soviet sentiments were ultra-fashionable in Park Avenue penthouses it was a rare "intellectual" who could be induced to admit that the Moscow trials were just a trifle queer, or to concede a concentration camp or two in Stalinist Siberia. The few who thus dared to compromise boldly their "liberal" reputations invariably hastened to qualify their remarks with the stereotyped concession to Moscow: "Of course, Russia has made great advances under the Soviets." After hearing Countess Skariatina's lec-

ture its essence clung to my mind. "Better off." It occurred to me that I and a good many others had for long quite casually and rather listlessly accepted this vague term as definitive of conditions in the U.S.S.R. Suddenly I determined to seek its exact meaning with reference to Russians before and after Lenin's coup d'état.

"Better off" brings to mind certain spiritual and material values, and its dimension varies according to individual viewpoints and the measuring rod employed. The artist estimates distance in terms of aesthetics, while the surveyor uses a steel tape. I write magazine articles, stories, and poems. Books and the writers of books rank high in my scheme of things. The first phase of "better off" that I thought of after Countess Skariatina's lecture was naturally Russian literature. A host of great names entered my mind: Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Andreyev, Pushkin, Gogol, Chekov, Gorki—the Titans who had erected a mighty monument to Slavic culture.

What began as a reverie of admiration was halted abruptly by the sudden startling realization that these giants were all products of the past. The only name that associated itself with the present was Gorki, and even he had won recognition and fame before the advent of the Soviets—had done his very best work while Russia was still ruled by Czarist autocracy.

It dawned upon me that I had been guilty of a strange oversight. I had neglected Soviet literature. I was once an ardent admirer of every-

thing Soviet. So were most of my literary friends. We were all people who thought of progress in terms of books written, pictures painted, etc. It was amazing to discover abruptly that with all our admiration for Stalin's Utopia we hadn't talked much about achievements in Russian literature during more than two decades of Communist rule.

There was a Soviet literature, of course. No nation above the level of barbarism had ever existed for 22 years without producing great books and great writers. I racked my brain to conjure up the mighty figures of Soviet literature. It was only after several minutes of this strenuous mental exercise that I became fully conscious of my pitiable ignorance. The only name that came to mind was Boris Pilnyak; I vaguely remembered having read his novel *Cement*, and I recalled with shame that it had seemed exceedingly dull. It was a deplorable state of affairs which I resolved to rectify at once. I went to the Public Library to carry out some interesting research work.

My belated explorations in Soviet literature unearthed astounding facts. I was forced to the conclusion that Soviet writers have produced scarcely a verse or paragraph of prose that deserves more than a brief moment of life. The record shows that every writer with potentiality beyond that of a run-of-the-mine slogan manufacturer has promptly disappeared after the first demonstration of "counter-revolutionary" individuality, and the few poets who have displayed flashes of talent have, without exception, been suicides.

Vladimir Mayakovsky, Serge Yesenin, and Bagritsky, the only Soviet poets of real promise, died by their own hands. Mayakovsky, perhaps the most gifted of the three, left behind some explanatory verses:

As they say
"the incident is closed."
Love boat
smashed against mores.
I'm quits with life.
No need itemizing
mutual griefs
woes
offenses.
Good luck and good-bye.

Why did the poets destroy themselves? Is it because they were expected, or ordered, to produce work like the following prize-winning Ode to Stalin?

"O Great Stalin, O Leader of the
the Nations,
Thou who makest man to be
born,
Thou who makest the earth fer-
tile,
Thou who makest the centuries
young,
Thou who makest the
spring bloom,
Thou who makest the cords
ring out music,
Thou who are the splendor
of my spring,
O Thou, sun reflected by
millions of hearts . . ."
—Pravda, Aug. 28, 1936

This "poem" is a fair sample of contemporary Soviet art. A good deal of the prose is worse, if that is possible. A few writers, notably Pilnyak, Zamiatin, and Alexis Tolstoy, have written novels and plays of some literary merit. But they have seldom repeated an initial good performance.

Even Mr. Pilnyak's rise to the transitory and uneasy pinnacle of success in the Soviet literary world was not without moments when it looked as though his career might be quickly halted by a trip to the firing squad. In 1929 he and Mr. Zamiatin were suddenly denounced by the entire Soviet press at the instigation of the Central Committee, which is, of course, Mr. Stalin. The newspapers screamed that the authors of *Mahogany* (Pilnyak) and *We* (Zamiatin) were "public en-

mies" and "counter-revolutionary pessimists" to boot—dangerous words in the Communist Utopia. Mr. Pilnyak discreetly and hastily re-wrote his entire book in an optimistic genre, and Mr. Zamiatin fled the country. "Nobody had read the books, but everybody condemned them," says Victor Serge, ex-member of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist International.

Those who were school children before the first world war will remember that Russia was cited in their civil government classes as the outstanding example of an oppressive autocracy. In the land of the Czar they had a Cheka; people were sent to Siberia for having opinions; freedom of speech and representative government were almost nonexistent. But in this benighted country—a country that was looked upon by the civilized world as a loathsome illustration of unrestrained tyranny—the works of the great Slavic mas-

Father," Marxism was propagated in several legal newspapers, and Lenin's inflammatory sheet circulated widely, although surreptitiously. Can anyone imagine a Soviet citizen of today daring to read a paper edited by Mr. Trotsky or Mr. Kerensky, if by some miracle he could obtain such proscribed literature?

Ah! but the Bolsheviks have taught the Russians to read. Indeed they have educated the moujiks; they are now well able to read the slogans provided by the Communist Party. The extraordinary progress that has been made by the Soviet educational system was clearly indicated by a Finnish quiz of Russian prisoners taken during Stalin's late "war of liberation." Three-fourths of the Red Army men were unable to identify Jesus, Napoleon, or Rasputin. One believed that Berlin was the capital of France. Many had never heard of Michael Kalinin, the President of their country. The answers in general provide a most interesting commentary on the proud boast that knowledge has been disseminated to the Russian masses by the Bolshevik regime.

After all, cultural matters do not greatly concern the man in the street. The average person thinks more of dinner than of Dostoevski. In this machine age, pig iron takes precedence over Pushkin. What about the Five Year Plan? How much improved is the standard of living? Data is not lacking. It is strange and intriguing data too. The shelves of our library contain more books on Russia than on any other foreign country—Russia after the Soviets, that is. Before Lenin and his cohorts inaugurated the "Communist experiment" nobody in the western world seemed to care much about what was going on in the Slavic empire. Authoritative works on pre-Bolshevik Russia are almost as scarce as outspoken critics of the "party line" in Moscow.

In addition, the few volumes which are available do not seem to have been very well read. I notice, for example, that in this city of 750,000 I am the thirteenth person since April 24th, 1929, to read Prof. James Mavor's excellent work *An Economic History of Russia*, and it is far from being the most unpopular book on the Russia of the Czars.

Despite their evident lack of ap-



ters of the written word were published, circulated, and read openly. And much of this writing was, by strong implication at least, highly critical of the regime.

In autocratic Russia from 1894 onward the works of Karl Marx were exposed for sale in the windows of ordinary booksellers. Under the tyrannical reign of the "Little

peal to the general public I found these books on Czarist Russia thought-provoking and highly informative. They made me reflect that people often know a great many things without being thoroughly conscious of their knowledge. I had known, for instance, that Russia was undergoing a process of rapid industrialization long before Stalin or Trotsky ever mentioned a Five Year Plan, but I had been too busy admiring the staggering statistics of the Soviets to think about the fact. In our lyric enthusiasm over the factory building projects of the U.S.S.R. most of us had completely ignored the remarkable tempo of Russian industrial advance from 1890 to 1914. Prof. Mavor speaks for himself and all those who did deal seriously with this period when he writes:

"Meanwhile Russian industry was developing with immense rapidity. The peasants were leaving the villages and streaming into the industrial centers; the small towns even were deserted for these. The characteristic of the time was the growth of huge industrial enterprises. It seemed as if Russia was going to leap at once from an agricultural economy to an economy of great industry."

It is rather strange that the verbose Soviet machine worshippers have dismissed this phase of Russian events so casually. There is much in the era to enthuse those who like to weigh civilization in the scales of industrial progress. The statistics show that in one ten-year period the number of industrial workers more than doubled; the value of products rose tremendously; and Russia suddenly became an important factor in the economic life of the world.

Yes, the Soviets have built numerous factories and industrial plants. They have endeavored to carry out and even hasten a process of industrialization that had been going forward with ever-increasing momentum for a long time prior to the Bolshevik seizure of power. Despite reams of optimistic statements purporting to prove the contrary, the available evidence indicates that they have been very indifferently successful in this effort. I find that Soviet statisticians have a penchant for reckoning values in jittery rubles, and they take no account whatever of the quality of the goods produced. That quality is more often than not

exceedingly bad. I have myself seen hundreds of fresh-from-the-factory, Soviet-made trucks, tractors, and tanks which could not be got into motion because gears and essential parts had been improperly installed, or left out altogether.

But does the Soviet worker have a higher standard of living than Russian workers had under the Czar? The answer is no, he certainly does not. I have staggered through a fog of figures to arrive at this definite conclusion—figures that were very foggy indeed, and obviously meant to conceal rather than to reveal. Summed up, the findings are an average wage of 150 rubles monthly for a Soviet worker—rubles which are generously estimated to have a value of 6¢ each. As far back as 1906 wage scales of three 53¢ rubles per day had been established over large sections of Czarist Russia, and at worst they never dropped much below a genuine ruble per day.

The proportionate purchasing power was considerably greater under the Czar. For example, an ordinary work shirt cost a half day's pay then, and two days' pay now. Leather boots cost two days' pay under the Czar, five under Stalin. Foodstuffs and other things are in much the same ratio. Sir Walter Citrine, President of the International Federation of Trade Unions, who visited Russia not long ago to make a sympathetic survey of conditions there, points out that a Soviet workman toils on an average 162 minutes for a kilo (2.2 lbs.) of bread, as compared with 24 minutes for a French worker. The Russian works 643 minutes for a kilo of beef and the French 90. Imagine an American working 10½ hours for a small piece of steak.

EQUALITY? Again no. Max Eastman, Eugene Lyons, Fred Beal, Andrew Smith, André Gide and dozens of others who went to Russia as strong sympathizers report wide material differences in the status of worker and Commissar. I saw the political Commissar system operating in Spain. To compress my observations into the fewest possible words: the lowest rank of Commissar had the best available, and approximately ten times the wage of the worker, who was forced to be content with a very bad worst.

There is another basic tenet of

"better off" which is here dealt with last not because it ranks there in the order of importance, but rather because it is not to be found in the materialist philosophy which dominated most of my life.

In a hard and dangerous life devoted largely to the propagation of Communism I have had little friendly contact with this force, but I have been made to realize something of what it means to others. I have caught glimpses of that meaning on the faces of those whom I saw kneeling with clasped hands before the Communist firing squads in "Loyalist" Spain; I have felt its presence in the gutted churches of Barcelona, Valencia, and Madrid.

That other force is called religion, and its most bitter and implacable foe is the ideology of Stalin. I have myself on more occasions than I like to remember seen Catholics, clergymen, and communicants, butchered with unbelievable ferocity because of their Faith. I have seen churches sacked, altars defaced, paintings and statuary wantonly destroyed.

In Russia itself those who believe in God have been subjected to a 22-year-long nightmare of persecution. No one knows how many Christian lives have been sacrificed there to a savagery unparalleled since the days of Attila. The Commissars have consciously set themselves to stamp the last vestige of faith out of the breast of an entire nation. They have left no stone unturned to accomplish that end, yet they have failed to achieve it. People still trudge through the snow for miles to attend the few churches that are allowed to remain so that a hollow pretense of religious freedom may be maintained in the eyes of the world. At Easter these churches are filled to overflowing, and strange as it may seem, not all of those who go are aged. In Spain the Commissars struck *adios*, which means in literal translation, "to God," from the language. In Russia they have endeavored to strike God from the hearts of men. Much has been written about the pogroms in Czarist Russia, but the same people who have been most indignant over these barbarities have remained strangely unmoved by the continuous pogrom which rages day and night in Russia against all those who believe in God. They are content to say that the people there are now "better off."

Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

OVERSHADOWING all domestic issues, the European war holds the center of the stage in the national capital. The interventionists and the isolationists are engaged in a mighty tug-of-war. The former, it should be noted, comprise what may be described as Washington café society. Capital socialites are almost unanimous in their demand that the United States dispatch armed aid to the Allied powers. In the Congress itself, the non-interventionists, at least for the moment, are in the majority. In spite of the horror roused by the German invasion of the Low Countries, most members of the Senate and the House of Representatives are heartily in favor of husbanding, increasing, and concentrating our forces for defense.

On the other hand, it is freely admitted that the dispatch of air and naval forces to the European theater of war is neither impossible nor fantastic. Within the past two weeks, two rear admirals on active duty have remarked that they "expect sailing orders shortly." They did not mean that they were destined for the Orient, although the Dutch East Indies compose a possible "combat area." Air officers are equally frank in acknowledging that they expect to get European assignments more thrilling than invitations to cocktail parties in embassies abroad. Wives of men in the Navy and Air services, gazing wistfully across the Potomac at the aerial towers guarding the Arlington National Cemetery, speak less and pray more. They sense the electric current in the atmosphere. Their children, affected by the excitement, talk of *M* day (mobilization) as if it meant the arrival of Santa Claus or the circus. The empty, monotonous life of an army post or



Harris & Ewing Photo

Representative Carl Vinson and Senator David I. Walsh, Chairmen of the House and Senate naval committees

naval station no longer figures in future plans.

This sentiment among "higher-ups" in the Army and Navy coincides with the high-powered, though cautious, drive of many administrators, diplomats, and publicists in the nation's capital, whose purpose is to convince the people that "the war is our concern." The stories which circulate in these groups are terrifying, if true. A sample of this type of conversation may suffice. An expert in the airplane manufacturing industry startles his auditors with confidential reports on the prowess of the most modern bombing-plane in these words:

"Bombers, capable of 650 miles per hour in the stratosphere, have been extraordinarily successful. Each bombing plane is equipped with both machine guns and cannon. This airship has the striking power of a light cruiser with the maneuverability of a canoe. It places Berlin within five hours of Washington!"

Material of this kind is swallowed avidly by society maids and matrons who see their boy friends or husbands acquiring silver bars and shoulder-straps, while they themselves organize "thrift-stamp sales" and "meatless Wednesdays." Practically everybody in the social set believes that the U.S.A. is bound to be involved in the struggle eventually, and that it is better to participate sooner than later. Six weeks ago, these people were questioning: "Do you think we can stay out?" Now their most frequent question is: "When do you suppose we will get in?"

As stated heretofore, this condition of hysteria or panic does not extend

to the Senators and Representatives. In Congressional circles, there prevails a confident hope that the United States may confine itself to imparting economic aid and comfort to the Allies. The spectacle of "Hitler over the White House" does not conjure up much terror on Capitol Hill. The Nazi dictator is despised there as cordially as he is in the rest of the civilized world, but he is not credited with infinite powers. A veteran Representative, familiar with naval strategy, confided to me this analysis of the situation:

"It is premature to talk about the destruction of the British and French Navies. The 'stout walls of England' haven't caved in on all fronts. Our own U.S. military experts claim that the French Army is a match for the Nazi hosts. From the standpoint of natural resources and money—the sinews of war—the British and French are unsurpassable. The Germans, confronted with these odds, can win only at the sacrifice of untold treasure of men and material. Digging themselves out from the ruins, they will be forced to repeat the epigram: 'Who won the world earthquake?' Tide what may, the Nazis will be shattered, exhausted, war-weary."

"Furthermore, in case of an Allied victory, the United States will be respected for its ability to ride the whirlwind. Peace is more important than war and the nature of the peace, whether we fight or not, will depend upon our contribution to trade reconstruction. Redistribution of gold alone (three-fourths of the world's supply is now cached in America) will be a bait to tempt concessions to resurrected or defeated nations. A

belligerent, as we should have learned in the last war, simply gives all these favors and bargaining-points away. And receives little gratitude."

This is a fair summary of the isolationist point of view. The invasion of Holland and Belgium and Luxembourg, though deplored and condemned, has not made a measurable dent in the Congressional bloc which wants Europe to set its own house in order. As for a Nazi attack upon America, those who share this school of thought contend that the "best defense is coast defense."

Nevertheless, it is certain that the next few weeks will develop stronger sentiment in favor of the Allies. The matter of credit to the latter for war supplies is now being seriously considered both by the President and responsible majority party leaders. Loans for purchases of food and machinery will be easily negotiated. The Johnson Act, prohibiting loans to nations in default on war debts, if not subject to outright repeal, will be emasculated or evaded. "The least we can do is to finance our friends" is a slogan speedily gaining in popular appeal. No member of the Congress will relish the role of standing up to a barrage of questions that will all end in the ringing challenge: "Are you ready to permit the triumph of Hitler and Stalin?" Even a number of the hide-bound isolationists are studying the moral right one has to choose the lesser of two evils. If money can beat Hitler, it will be forthcoming to Great Britain, France, Norway, Denmark, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg in ever-increasing quantities. The dikes on credit are as good as down.

In the background of all discussion on the European conflict is the specter of Japan in the Orient. The moment the United States embarks on an enterprise away from home, the Japanese war lords will produce their timetables for the General Staff. "American intervention in Europe," an American diplomat of the highest standing assured me, "will be the signal for Japan's seizure of those islands she wants in the Far East. The Philippines, Sumatra, Java, and Singapore cohere with the pattern of the 'incident' in China. If and

when America moves her bonnie fighting men to the Continent, the Monroe Doctrine formulated by Tokyo becomes effective in Asia. China has a chance as long as we remain aloof from Europe. The day the fleet and air force swing into action in the Mediterranean or the North Sea, the sun will not set on the Japanese Empire."

Another statesman, who has specialized in Far Eastern affairs, acknowledged that the United States has a "gentleman's agreement" to police and patrol the Pacific, while Great Britain and France are locked in mortal combat in the struggle to maintain control of the North Atlantic. At present, despite heavy losses in the Norway campaign, the navies of the Allies have a substantial margin of superiority. America, by supervising the Eastern seas, is a constant threat to Hitler's accomplice, Stalin, and to the Japanese admirals, who covet the spice islands.

Superficially considered, this American counterpoise to the Soviet-Japanese ambitions in the Orient might appear a mere matter of routine. Several Representatives on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, in private conversation, expressed profound satisfaction about the immediate, presumably favorable, effect produced by Secretary of State Cordell Hull's warning to Japan with respect to the East Indies.

Naval officials, however, were not so sure about the repercussions of this statement. Men in the service point out that, although the Jap-



Army Air Corps "Flying Fortress" high above the clouds



United States Infantry and tanks in recent Army maneuvers

June, 1940

Japanese Army had its hands full with the China "incident," its militaristic-minded twin, the Navy, is virtually unemployed. Due to ocean-going, hard-hitting submarines, the Japanese fleet has a striking power out of all proportion to its size. Cruisers and battleships are modern, protected by heavy armor and equipped with quick-firing guns. Like Hitler's armament, the Japanese Imperial Navy was built to be used and will be utilized. Secret intelligence in the capital reports that some of the Japanese admirals are already straining at the leash and are held in check only by the imperative needs of the Army in China.

Of course, the views of President Franklin D. Roosevelt on foreign affairs crystallized during the past month. Neutrality is no longer a polite phrase in the White House. America, according to the President, is "shocked" and "angered." The step from angry words to angry actions is short. Moral indignation may not lead to war immediately, but it paves the way to the brink of conflict. Privately, the President, it is asserted, expresses himself convinced that the country can avoid warfare by assuming a policy favorable to France and Britain, bolder than that of Mussolini in supporting Hitler. In this way, he believes that America can be more than a counterweight to the economic and political favor which Italy is showing to Ger-

many. The policy, though dangerous, is no more perilous in Washington than in Rome. At least, that is the theory upon which the President operates.

Naturally, the maintenance of this attitude depends upon the next occupant of the Executive Mansion. The third-term boom, launched by office-holders and political opportunists, far from having slowed down, has gathered momentum in the capital. Even the most independent Democrats admit that Franklin D. Roosevelt can have the nomination, if he wishes it. At the same time, a number of his most devoted admirers and intimates agree that the President himself, barring an "Act of God," or some species of *force majeure*, does not share the enthusiasm for the "Draft-Roosevelt" campaign. His sense of humor, which is hearty, prevents him from looking upon F.D.R. as indispensable either to the party or to the nation. His realization of the toll taken by high office in terms of nerves and arterial resiliency has been emphasized during the current session of Congress, when he broke all records for absence from the capital. Though impulsive and impregnated with a love of leadership, he knows that a new skipper is needed on the quarter-deck. "In history," wrote the late Professor H. A. L. Fisher of Oxford, "nothing is certain except the contingent and the

unforeseen." Subject to that sole limitation, the third-term issue is not a matter of practical politics.

Selection of a Democratic standard-bearer agreeable to Mr. Roosevelt is another question. First choice, in the opinion of those who can penetrate the inner circle, is Attorney-General Robert H. Jackson. The latter is youthful, high-minded, and intellectually gifted. His single mistake, since taking office, was the hasty dismissal of the indictments lodged under the direction of his predecessor against the recruiters for Leftist Spain in Detroit. It is an open secret that, when Mr. Justice Frank Murphy heard of this reversal of policy, he was prepared to resign from his post on the U.S. Supreme Court. Loyal friends deterred the Justice from taking what would have been an impetuous, futile step.

The President presumably still prefers Mr. Jackson for the Presidency, but he appreciates that the latter is not as politically available as Senator Burton K. Wheeler or Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Postmaster-General James A. Farley, it is known, will be a potent factor in the forthcoming convention, and he would not be averse to a race hand-in-hand with Secretary Hull. Democratic majority leader, Senator Alben Barkley, is still a strong "dark-horse" entrant. As previously indicated, however, none of these figures could stem a third-term movement.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph
Heavy cruisers during fleet maneuvers off California coast. The Navy is Uncle Sam's first line of defense

sanctioned by President Roosevelt. For the Republicans, the most likely candidate, in the eyes of Washington solons, is District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey. Adherents of Mr. Dewey do not lose sight of the popularity of Senator Robert H. Taft with his colleagues in the Congress. The Ohioan has made a more forthright attack upon the New Deal than the New Yorker, although the latter has the more clean-cut foreign policy. If the campaign of Wendell Wilkie had not started late, it would have assumed landslide proportions at this date. The political fact is that Mr. Wilkie is not a professional politician and he lacks precinct or even county organization. Despite this handicap, "the business men's candidate" for the Republican nomination has attracted a number of national leaders and has real chances for a place on the ticket.

REPUBLICANS in the capital pin hopes for the Fall elections not only upon business men, but also upon the farmers. Many foes of the New Deal in the party have continued to vote for parity payments in agriculture. They are not apt to change their course at this stage of the session. As adumbrated in **THE SIGN** for April, appropriations coincident to crop limitation show no signs of evaporation. Mid-west Republicans point with glee to the fact that they polled 26,000 more votes than their Democratic rivals in Nebraska. Farm income for 1940, though in excess of that for 1939, is not chalked up to the exclusive credit of either party. On both sides of the aisle in Senate and House, the economy advocates are an impotent minority. It is feared that further spread of the war will dump new responsibility for agricultural surpluses into the ample lap of the Federal Government. As a result, many Treasury experts are becoming reconciled to the huge gold reserve accumulated since the first World War.

The predicted Congressional fight on the labor issue took place. Indeed, the fury and bitterness of the debate astonished the prophets. It was the wage-hour bill amendments, however, that bore the first brunt of the attack. Enough modifications of the original legislation were introduced and accepted to enable Representative Mary T. Norton, chairman

of the House Committee on Labor and Education, to move to recommit the bill. This settled the issue, upon this particular legislation, for the current session. The Wagner Labor Act remains a battleground. Opponents of the New Deal slant on labor probably learned a few tricks on tactics from their discomfiture in the first round. They believe they have a stronger case and more votes to change the Wagner bill.

Two billion dollars is the sum furnished by reliable statisticians as an estimate of what the United States will pay for defense on land and sea and in the air. Vast quantities of war material are already obsolete or obsolescent. The air program especially calls for revision upward. Each day is teaching the experts new techniques in anti-aircraft defense, parachute attack, detectors, and searchlights. Representative Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Naval Committee, urges an air fleet for the sea of 4,500 planes. He likewise wishes substantially to increase the facilities for pilot training. German success in Norway revealed that the U.S.A. no longer could boast possession of the most accurate bomb-sights in the world. This was an American invention and it is somewhat startling to have the device pop up in the equipment of the Nazi war planes. The development suggests the swift pace of engineering under modern conditions of combat.

Representative Andrew J. May, chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, is ready to ask for additional Army appropriations. More than a billion dollars will be involved in this increase. Mechanization of the Army is the purpose of this effort. The General Staff wants armored cars and powerful motorized divisions. This program also calls for additional tanks and anti-tank guns. The personnel of the Army will be increased and equipment prepared for a potential force of 750,000 men. It is safe to add that new battles in Europe will inspire fresh military, naval, and air appropriations in the United States. The armaments industry is in one of its dynamic stages.

A final word must be reported about the diplomatic front. President Roosevelt began the year with a magnificent peace plan that embraced *points d'appui* (pillars of

support) in Washington, Rome, and Vatican City. The Rome column may be quivering a bit, but the Vatican arch is stronger than ever. The Hon. Myron C. Taylor, the President's personal envoy to His Holiness, Pius XII, has already sent back valuable batches of diplomatic information. Both President Roosevelt and State Department officials are persuaded that this is a service that merits retention, if not expanded facilities. Consequently, the question of full diplomatic relations between Washington and the Vatican is a matter of thoughtful discussion in the cloak-rooms and lobbies.

Members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and House Foreign Affairs Committee assured me that, if the matter were referred to them for consultation, they would expect a majority of each group to favor the move. Of course, recognition is an executive function and the next President, whether Democratic or Republican, will find this proposal high on the list of agenda. A number of Senators pointed out that King Carol is not only the ruler (and dictator) of Rumania, but also the official head of the Orthodox national church, adding that, even under these circumstances, the Government discovered nothing anomalous in the presence of the American Legation in Bucharest. The same point was made about King Boris in Sofia, Bulgaria, and the Regent, Prince Paul, in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

INFORMATION of this type is discussed with objectivity and fair-mindedness. A few observers think that the proposal for formal diplomatic relations between the United States and the Vatican has better prospects of success in the event of victory for the party whose leader sponsored the initial step, but others believe that the question will be debated upon an entirely non-partisan basis.

In this connection it may be remarked that the reasons, advanced *in extenso* by His Excellency, the Most Revered James Hugh Ryan, Bishop of Omaha, in the *New York Times* (May 12, 1940), were the subject of the most favorable criticism on the part of Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic members of the Congress. If and when proposed, the plan will enjoy strong, bi-partisan support.

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COLUMBUS

Pitcher

E · FRANCIS
MDEVITT

If I was nominating anybody for baseball's Hall of Fame, there'd be only one guy I'd pick. Christopher Columbus.

Sounds whacky, doesn't it? But no whackier than I was when my star pitcher went blooey half way through a season and became another bird named Joe. I, Draper, the alleged famous coach of St. Michael's College, all of a sudden had a team that could lose to Miraflores, St. Joseph's—and Venable. The same team that won all its ten games the year before against pretty tough outfits bogs down and lets a bunch of baseball morons swamp us for three consecutive weeks.

The same team? No, not with Tally Roberts pitching grapefruit. He was the guy who was so hot as a sophomore I built the whole team around him. Ten wins with four shutouts and two no-hitters the first year on the varsity isn't bad. Even "Rip" Roberts, Tally's old man, said it was "pretty good," and that's orchids from a former big league pitcher.

In the game with Venable, our eighth, I groaned so much the trainer broke out the arnica. Would you suffer if your nineteen-year-old pitching whizz sizzles out like a burnt match for the third game in a row? I yanked Roberts in the fourth, put in Busby, and devoted myself to being the little man who wasn't there. Bill Worrell, Standish Tech's coach, was scouting up in the stands and I could imagine the grin he was wearing. You see, Standish was that team we always most wanted to beat. Classic-last-game stuff.

Busby held Venable pretty well, but we lost. After the game I dragged

my carcass to the club-house. Old man Roberts had his son in a corner of the locker room. He looked down upon me from his six-feet-two and stuck out a big mitt.

"Hello, Draper," he booms out pleasantly. "Too bad Tally's getting to be such a panty-waist, isn't it?" Tally squirmed as if he had the itch.

"Better luck next time," I said, cheery as a jumper with a jammed parachute and backing away, because I never look through keyholes or listen in on party lines. I knew the kid was going to be told off. He always was by the old man after games, even when he did most things right all day. The big duffer wouldn't miss one of those games on a bet and took the rattler from Chi every week to be there. But this time the father-son party was going to be something I wanted to miss.

No luck. Rip talked to the boy in his lowest voice, but it still was hog-calling. Besides, there wasn't the usual noise in the dressing room. It's funny, but you can't think of a single tune to whistle or sing when you lose to a team like Venable.

"Are you trying to be disinherited?" the old man snarled. "Or are you just writing a book of Baseball Don'ts and getting atmosphere?" His voice was a saw-toothed bayonet. "If I even thought pitching like yours the last three games when I was on the team here and in the majors the fans would've hung me on the flagpole."

I heard Rip's heavy step as he slammed through the door and got



down to thinking. I'd have been pretty dumb not to suspect there must be a reason for the lad's skid and I vowed I'd find out or give up baseball for a living.

In the shower room I noticed Tally had a funny look. After a while he turned on me and yelled: "Why don't you say something? Why don't you tell me I'm a quitter? My father did."

He pulled me out of my brown study so fast I accidentally turned on the cold water. "If you already know you're a quitter, what's the use of my telling you?" I growled.

I dripped into the locker room and didn't look back. I was afraid I'd be begging his pardon for that crack.

I was still thinking about it when I stepped out of the gym door. My business was that team and young Roberts was Number One salesman who'd flopped.

Then blooey! An idea hit me. That's why I didn't go right home. Instead I sidled over to the Dean's office. Dr. Latimer was a youngish educator with a lot of snap, and I liked him.

"Hello, Mr. Draper," he says with his best bedside manner. "Glad you finally decided to pay me a call."

"Glad I caught you in," I said. "I couldn't sleep tonight until I found something out."

"Yes, too bad about Roberts, isn't it?" he said, calm as a movie travelogue shot of a mountain lake.

"All right," I came back, "you've tipped my hand. What I want to know is—"

"If Roberts' education is interfering with his baseball. To answer your question briefly, Tally's grades are about eighty-three. Not bad, but he can do better."

I said slowly: "Well, what's the matter then? That kid's worrying about something and it's making a dub of him out on the diamond."

The dean shrugged. "Sorry I can't answer that for you."

"Thanks just the same, Doctor," I said, dragging myself to the door.

I called Tally into the athletic office Monday before practice. For ten minutes I talked, but he just sat there without moving or saying a word. I tried everything to mine into that kid's dome. No soap. Just silence. I stood up fast.

"O. K.," I snapped. "You can turn in your uniform for insubordination."

HE ROSE and drifted to the door. "Now listen," I began again. "I'm not so screwy as to try to get this out of you just because I want to see you play better baseball. I think it's a rotten thing to be doing to your Dad. He's not spending his dough here to make a major league ball player, but he does want to see you become a man."

That brought the words out of him like a busted water main. "Dad's never forgotten they don't make many players like he was," Tally yipped. "He can't understand why his son can't pitch shutout ball every game. You might think it's funny, but it's hard to be ridden by your own Dad."

"Of course, it's not funny," I shouted, "but why suddenly begin to worry about that now? He's been like that ever since you began to play

and all at once you're letting it get your goat and your pitching."

He shook his head. "But that's only half of it. It's Mother, too."

Bongol I looked around for the ammonia. "Your—your mother?"

"Yes. Mother's on my neck because my grades are only in the eighties this year. Ninety is her idea of being a dunce. She rides me as much about studies as Dad does about baseball." His mouth twitched. "I can't stand that forever."

I began to get it. The kid had hitched his wagon to two stars shooting in different directions. Only Einstein could figure a way to work that out.

"Yeah, I understand," I said, sneaking my arm around his shoulders. "Well, as a coach, I should tell you to forget the marks since they're not so rotten and play hero for dear old Alma Mater. But I won't. If you can't make your best grades as long as you play baseball, there's only one thing to do."

Easy to say that? It was tough. Tough telling the hub of your team to stick his togs in the well-known mothballs, put on specs and fade into the library. But somehow I felt it was right when—

"That doesn't solve things, Mr. Draper," Tally said gloomily. "If I give up baseball, I'm taking one of the big joys out of Dad's life. And if I don't—well, I'm going to hit under Mother's ninety-five, and I don't want to disappoint her either." His head bobbed up suddenly. "Let me stick it out on the team for a while more. I'll do my best both ways."

"Yeah, son. Put on your suit."

To this day I couldn't say why it was. But on the diamond that afternoon and every afternoon that week Tally pitched like Walter Johnson at his best. My smile leaked out all over those days and on the campus there was an army of Cheshire cats. By Friday they were completing arrangements for State's burial, confidence plus when you consider State was still unbeaten.

One thing bothered me though. Roberts was pale as a ghost and there were bags under his eyes. Fat "Bing" Nolan, Tally's roommate, gave me the low down on the sidelines.

"Say, coach," he said, "I don't want to get you down, but I don't know how long Tally's going to pitch like that."

"What are you barking about?" I griped.

"I'm not barking, I'm just telling you. He's hitting the books just like he's playing out there—with all he's got."

"Good."

"My eye," the roommate moans. "He's heading for the infirmary, that's what. You can't give three hours like that every afternoon and bone on Horace and Virgil until two a.m."

As soon as Bing had gone, my smile slipped down on my chest. He was right. But all I could do was figure on how long he'd last, hoping it would be ten days, until after the Standish game.

But he didn't even get by Saturday. He pitched like a cow for three innings and handed State the game on a silver platter.

I don't like to talk about that State game. Nor about what followed. Roberts was dressed when I got into the clubhouse.

"Son, I'm going to give you a rest, instead of a call-down," I said to him. "Take things easy for a few days and rest up for the Standish game. I know about the midnight oil."

"No, you're not going to give me a rest," he said, failing to be tough by fifty yards. "There's not going to be any more midnight oil—or baseball either. I'm leaving college."

"You're—what?"

"You heard me."

"What'll your Dad think?" I asked.

Tally was really bitter. "He's already thought and he thought so strongly he came back here before the game was over, laid me out, and told me he was sorry I was his son." He stiffened. "I'm going to leave college and no one's going to stop me. And I'm not going home either."

He was out before I could grab him.

About dusk on Sunday I ducked over to St. John's Hall. It was deserted. I supposed the boys were off galavanting, but I bet it was with their second-string girls on account of the team lost. I went up to the second floor where Tally's room was and walked up the dim hall.

Now, listen, don't get me wrong. I don't believe in ghosts. But for a moment that's what I'd have sworn I saw the other end of the hall near the Gothic window where some gray light was filtering through.

It wasn't a spook though. It was Tally Roberts.

It wasn't so much the color of his face that gave me goose-pimples. It was the look on it. Not to get fancy, it was a rotogravure of that picture showing Sir Galahad standing in the woods under a full moon.

I didn't dare spoil that shot for a full minute. Finally I walked toward him. He didn't turn or move, just stared starry-eyed at a picture on the wall. I didn't see anything in the thing to rave about. It was that painting of Christopher Columbus standing in the forecastle of his ship and looking off at the horizon while his men crouch on deck like scared rabbits.

"Glad to find you," I said quietly. Even when I spoke he kept his eyes on the picture. "Funny, isn't it, Mr. Draper," he sort of whispered. "I've seen this painting every day for nearly three years, but it wasn't until now it meant anything." He turned to me then, slowly and smiling. "I'm not going to leave college. Will you let me pitch against Standish next Saturday?"

I think I said, "Sure—if you want to," and he walked down the hall without another word.

I guess I was the only cheerful soul on the campus that week. Roberts came up to me in the locker room and dug me in the ribs. The wrinkly little lines in his face and the bags under his eyes had been washed out and he looked like a collar ad again.

"Don't you let go like the whole college has," he said cheerfully.

"I won't if you last until Saturday," I replied, but followed up with: "I know you will, kid."

He grinned and I got back some confidence. But suddenly his face got like the wrong kind of St. Swithin's Day. "There's only one thing," he muttered, slipping off his shirt. "Dad's not going to be at the game Saturday."

I just laughed out loud. "Fooey and fooey! You won't be able to keep him away with a team of percherons."

Tally shook his head. "No, he means it, Mr. Draper. I got a letter from him today saying he can see a funny paper without leaving home." Then he perked up. "But it's not going to make any difference—"

Came the dawn. And I was there to see it. I couldn't sleep all night, so I got up at the sound of the rooster's second crow and drugged



"Too bad Tally's getting to be such a panty-waist, isn't it?" he booms out

myself with putrid coffee down in the town's dining car.

All morning I sat dopily in the athletic office and about noon heard Standish make port with what seemed to be the Army, Navy and Marine bands. Bill Worrell wheeled into the office with one of those sorry-we-have-

to-do-it-old-man grins and I thought mayhem as we shook hands.

The stands were full a half hour before game time. I gave the boys one of the best pep talks I ever delivered to a squad before scooting them out on the field and they looked at me as if they were sorry for me.

Some day a ghost scribe may put out my memoirs. If so, I'm going to handle the chapter on that Standish game myself. I can remember every pitch, every ball and strike, every base hit, every run—every movement of Roberts' long body.

Before the game was under way a half hour I was sweating like Bing Nolan. Standish played like it had all season, machine-like, smooth, flawlessly. But so did our boys. Roberts was still right, blistering his fast ball by the Standish slingers, winding his pretzel curves around their straining torsos. The team behind him rose from the grave, gibbering and dancing like monkeys, spearing drives and grounders like magicians, snaring high flies as if they were on wires.

But for four innings Standish pitched and fielded back toe to toe with us. The game was a natural and the crowded stands cheered and paid their tribute to both teams.

In the fifth St. Michael's cracked the platter with two runs. The stands rocked in a frenzy of delight. Only Tally Roberts seemed to stay sane. Calmly, steadily he went out there to the mound in the sixth and seventh and eighth innings and inched his way toward a no-hitter.

Presently I was studying his face and remembering the same dreamy mask and the faraway eyes I had seen in the dimness of St. John's Hall that Sunday afternoon and—"Mr. Draper, I've seen this painting every day—"

Anyhow, folks, I'm willing to be quoted that there never was a period in the life of man like the first half of that ninth. St. Michael's got jittery, all at once, after Tally's first pitch and before I could blink a muffed fly and a booted grounder put the tying runs on third and second.

I had to keep my eyes on Tally. There he was rubbing the ball slowly, and easily surveying the field. Just watching him, my own nerves quieted down and I sank into a kind of stupor. Oh, I followed everything, but as if through a fog—Roberts' rhythmically swaying windup, the gray streak darting and knifing toward the plate, waving yellow bats. It seemed the hitters swung and lunged, but there was never the crack of wood and horsehide, never an arching sphere in the air—only the screaming white thing leaping again and again from Roberts' fingers, only the wild raving crowd, weaving bodies twisted into a mass epilepsy.

Girl Graduate

By LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY

*Long years ago you went to school
A mite in gingham, squirrel-eyed,
Unawed by alphabet or rule.
When childish troubles multiplied*

*You were as fearless as a boy,
Cloaking your bruises gallantly
Beneath a camouflage of joy.
High school and love's first ecstasy—*

*Years going by like swallows. Soon,
The university, a morning
Of gowns and mortar boards, in June,
And you, my heart's delight, adorning*

*The rostrum with your happy face!
O Teacher, wise yet lowly one,
Impart to her sufficient grace
For life's real lessons, just begun.*

I looked deeper into the shadowy mist. Somebody—maybe it was thousands—shouted "Two out!" I figured strikeouts did it, but wasn't sure. Roberts was winding up. Again that projectile rifled toward the plate. The waiting bat bashed the air. There was a report, sharp and over with. Players—all of them—ran, everywhere, somewhere. But I saw only one clearly—Graham in right field, flying over the grass, his arms outstretched. He stopped, held up his hands, closed them. The stands boiled over into the field—

Somehow I had to get to the gym and get there fast. I was Draper, the thick-skinned, tough old coach. I couldn't face them out here—not then.

You've heard about the smoke after the battle. Well, that's how it was in the locker room. And through all the bedlam rolled a great basso profundo I knew. Soon I was working my way down to the far end of the lockers, where there weren't any crowds. Only two people, laughing and hand-shaking, and that big horse of a Rip saying to Tally:

"Some day, son, you'll be a great pitcher—if you cut down on those three and two counts. Well, I've got to catch my train back to home and Mother."

Tally's laugh died and his head dropped. "Will—will you tell Mother I'm sorry about the ninety average," he said quietly. "It was the best I could do in the time I had."

Roberts Senior broke out into a broad smile. "Tell her nothing," he boomed. "But do you know what she asked me this morning to tell you? If you won the game the average would be one hundred and ninety as far as she's concerned."

And there's where I barged in. "There's a lot of telling around here," I said. "Now tell me something. What about that Columbus picture stuff? It fits in here somewhere."

"Sure it does," Tally flung back and there were those starry eyes again. "Today we sailed westward, for such was our course."

"Meaning what?"
"That's the name of the picture."
"Oh," I said, expressively.

Breaking the Curse of Plenty

By KATHERINE WEED & JOHN STONBOROUGH



Harris & Ewing photo

THE national Food Stamp Plan of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, which went into effect last spring and is gradually and without ballyhoo increasing its scope and usefulness, is for numerous reasons destined to become one of the most fruitful and successful of the many innovations of the New Deal. Let us marshal the facts and ascertain why this idea and its translation into administrative action is based on premises which are sound and with which not even the most partisan mind can seriously disagree.

First, there is substantial agreement that about twenty million Americans generally spend but \$1.00 a week for food. This fact was established by government statisticians in a detailed co-operative study of incomes in the United States during 1935-36 which covered 29,000,000 families and 10,000,000 single individuals. Fourteen per cent of the total, or more than 4,000,000 families, were found to have an average income of only \$312 for the year—85 cents a day for the support of a whole family. This is, generally speaking, the relief group. It com-

prises people who are able to spend for their daily food an average of five cents per person per meal.

But this is only a part of the story. There were twice as many American families, or 27.5 per cent of the total, who had an average annual income of \$758. Add the two groups and you find that two-fifths of all families in the United States are eking out a living on yearly cash incomes which health experts agree can supply only half the necessary food and other essentials.

Use the figures in another way and you see the effect on the food market. In 1935 forty-two per cent of

our families paid only 26 per cent of the national food bill. If we accept \$100 a month as the minimum average income which will provide a family with sufficient food and other necessities, these same families, had they had enough to eat, would have spent 10 cents a meal per person. That would have doubled the farmers' market for foodstuffs as far as this group is concerned.

There can be no disagreement that the health of the under-privileged men, women, and children of America stands in need of drastic improvement. A more nutritious as well as a better-balanced diet is not only an urgent demand of the present but an investment which will pay steady dividends in the future. What kind of a diet does a person who is limited to five cents a meal have? Wheat products stand at the top of the list, fruits at the bottom. With the higher income groups who are able to buy as much as they want of the kinds of foods they need, the order is exactly reversed. This more fortunate group consumes in relation to income, first fruit, then meat, dairy products, vegetables, eggs, and wheat products, a dietary "order of emi-

nence" with which few health experts would care to quarrel.

But sadly enough, the most to be said for the diets of 42 per cent of the families in this country is that they have nearly enough bread to eat. High-calory and vitamin-rich fruits, milk, butter, cream, eggs, and meat they have in shockingly insufficient quantities. Vegetables make the second largest item in these frugal meals: potatoes, cabbage, and beans. Least frequently included are tomatoes and lettuce, so-called "protective foods" which rise to the highest point of consumption with the health-conscious, better-income families. If meat is included in a five-cent meal, it is pork 50 per cent of the time; milk is evaporated, and fresh cream practically non-existent; fruit is nearly always dried, oranges and grapefruit a rare luxury.

Paradoxically none of these under-consumed foodstuffs are under-produced. On the other hand, there is substantial agreement that the farmers of America could easily double or triple their output if a market for that output could be found. As Milo Perkins, president of the F.S.C.C., phrased it, "we have learned how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and we don't know where to sell the extra blade of grass." The ratio of farm production to city consumption has shifted from nineteen to one, one hundred and fifty years ago, to one to four today. In other words, according to Secretary Wallace, where it formerly required nineteen people living on the land to support themselves and one person in town, today one person on the land supports himself, three people in town, and contributes to the support of another person overseas. Industrialization and mechanization of agriculture have so far outrun our knowledge of distribution that they have bred that most unwelcome offspring of the thirties—"want-in-the-midst-of-plenty."

The first effort of the A.A.A. to break the economic stalemate was to decrease surpluses by limiting acre-

age and controlling supply. Still we had surpluses and still people starved. Last year the F.S.C.C. initiated the food stamp plan after a careful study and re-analysis of the cause-and-effect factors. These are principally three.

First, in a market whose price structure is crumbling due to an excess of supply in relation to demand, it is frequently but a tiny amount of supply which tips the scales either way. Remove this small excess of supply of the entire production and the farmer will no longer let apples fall to the ground and rot rather than attempt to sell them in a market which does not cover his crating and freight charges. The only profitable way to remove the surplus is to sell it in a voluntary market.

Second, the European export market is lost to the American farmer, not only while hostilities are actually in progress, or during the reconstruction period to follow the present war, but for good and all. We must look to our own people to produce the increased market needed.

Third, the relation of government to business has been unsatisfactory in recent years. In order to produce a maximum of beneficent results smooth co-operation between the two must prevail.

These three requisites the F.S.C.C. has fulfilled in the food stamp plan now operating in 55 cities. Through the co-operative efforts of government and business as represented in the National American Wholesale Grocers Association and the F.S.C.C., the plan is helping the farmer by removing surpluses which break his market, is adding food-rich in vitamins to the meals of a million individuals who have hitherto been able to spend but a dollar a week for food, and is improving business conditions in general by conducting the entire operation through the regular channels of trade with a minimum of government interference.

The mechanism for bringing about this food expansion includes the use of orange and blue stamps. Persons who are certified by local welfare agencies as eligible for relief may purchase a minimum of one dollar's worth of orange stamps a week for each member of the family. The orange stamps are good for any food at any grocery store. Persons buying orange stamps then receive half again as many blue stamps free. The

one dollar minimum for orange stamps was determined upon as representing the usual expenditure for food by relief families and in order to insure that the blue stamps would be used for additional food purchases. A family of five, spending five dollars a week for food, now has \$7.50 to spend. The five cents per person per meal has been raised to seven and a half cents. The blue stamps are good at any retail food store but only for foods designated as "in surplus" by the Secretary of Agriculture. The list of surplus foods has been changed several times in accordance with changes in the agricultural situation.

Grocers paste the stamps, each worth twenty-five cents, on five-dollar cards and redeem them through their banks, their wholesalers, or the F.S.C.C. The Government pays for both colored stamps.

The system started in Rochester, New York in May 1939, and has been expanded slowly with careful checking of results and effect on the market. Up to July 15, 1939, the program was in operation in only three cities; three more were added by September; by the end of March 1940 fifty-five cities representing about 1,000,000 individuals were participating in the plan.

RECEPTION of the stamp idea has been enthusiastic by relief participants as well as by retail grocers. The American Grocers Association is encouraged by the increased volume of business released through regular trade outlets at minimum costs. Dayton, Ohio, the second trial city, is typical of the way local merchants have met the plan. There the grocers—chains and independents alike—voluntarily raised money among themselves to advertise and explain the system to eligible citizens. When the plan had been in operation from June 5 to July 31 the Dayton Chamber of Commerce announced that \$74,070 worth of blue stamps had been distributed. That represented \$74,000 spent in Dayton that would not have been spent otherwise. It represented \$74,000 worth of nutritious food that the underprivileged of Dayton could not otherwise have eaten. But the results were even more far-reaching. The grocers cashed the stamps at their banks or paid their wholesalers with them. The wholesalers had that much more money to

pay to farmers or to their employees or for transportation of the food.

Multiply these figures by the one hundred or more cities which will be participating in the plan by this month and we begin to get a concrete idea of its potentialities for helping not only the farmer and the retail grocer but the whole interdependent mass of our complex economic structure. Up to March 1, \$5,500,000 of blue stamps had been distributed. That means that this amount had flowed through regular commercial channels, going first to the retailer and eventually reaching the producer in the same ratio that prevails with regard to foodstuffs marketed by usual commercial methods. The national buying power had been increased to that extent.

As the program progresses careful studies are being made of its economic, marketing, and dietary aspects. The statistics available are important to every American farmer. The demand for different products as they are added to the surplus list is significant as an indication of their potential market value. It is important to determine to what extent these purchases represent a net increase in the demand for agricultural products. In the first few months of operation about one-quarter of the stamps were being used for butter and another one-quarter for eggs. Fourteen per cent of the expenditure went for fruit and 20 per cent for vegetables. Local conditions are being studied with a view to helping producers in the area around which the program is in effect by placing on the list at various times locally produced fruits and vegetables.

The "accordion basis" on which the plan is built makes it easily adjustable to changing economic conditions. Large farm surpluses and large unemployment are usually coincident. At such times the administrative machinery of the stamp plan is set up to help move surpluses and to maintain a minimum essential diet for the unemployed. As employment increases, participation in the plan will be restricted to the fewer families who are still eligible for assistance. Commodities can be added to or deleted from the list as surpluses increase or prices rise. The food stamp plan promises to protect the health of millions of Americans and to act as a stabilizing agency in our national economy.

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Catholic Ideal In Education

By EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK

CATHOLIC education is the most comprehensive form of education because it is both Catholic and catholic. In addition to its own supreme interest in the soul of man as well as in his mind and body, it includes within its purpose every legitimate aim of secular education. Or, to put it in another way, the Catholic educator is interested in physical and intellectual education but he is extremely interested, too, in moral and spiritual education.

It is a familiar slogan of general educational discussion that "the whole child must go to school," and people who urge such a doctrine are content to deal with the child on the physical but principally on the intellectual level. We have become interested in schools and activities, but these are too often merely "physical" activities. The child's sense of wonder and mystery, his faith in God and the love of his Saviour are neglected aspects of his elementary education. And what is true of the elementary school continues through

the university with deplorable effects.

In the Catholic point of view, the human individual is not a mind and a body and a soul, but a mind-body or a soul-body, whichever terminology you are accustomed to using. In other words, it includes the whole nature of man, not made up of discrete parts, but of an integrated whole. This unity implies therefore that even the physical education as well as the intellectual education cannot really go along effectively for human life and human destiny unless there goes along a corresponding moral and spiritual development. In the Encyclical on *Christian Education*, the Pope, in more general terms, brings out strongly this intimate relationship between the natural and the supernatural in man's nature. He points out unmistakably the error of which we are ourselves so often accused, namely, of setting the mind over against the body and of being so other-worldly that we have no consciousness of the meaning of life in this world. The

Pope's constructive statement of the Catholic position should not be misunderstood by anybody, including those outside the Faith. The Pope says:

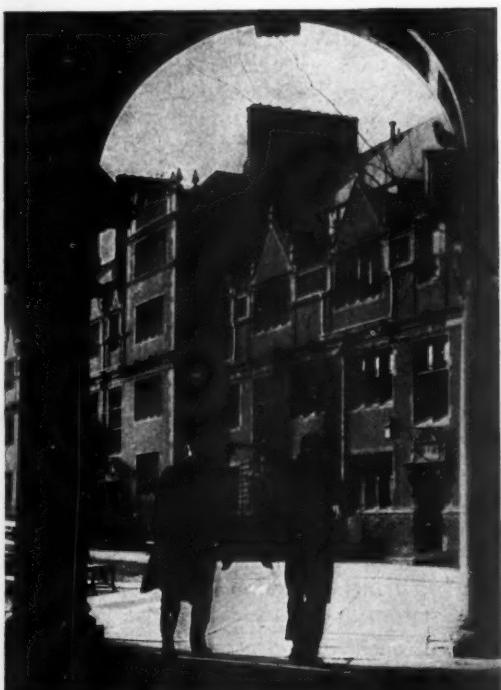
"In fact it must never be forgotten that the subject of Christian education is man whole and entire, soul united to body in unity of nature, with all his faculties natural and supernatural, such as right reason and revelation show him to be; man, therefore, fallen from his original estate, but redeemed by Christ and restored to the supernatural condition of adopted son of God, though without the preternatural privileges of bodily immortality or perfect control of appe-

tite. There remain, therefore, in human nature the effects of original sin, the chief of which are weakness of will and disorderly inclinations."

In the practical sphere we have seen illustrations of the violation of this principle. People who thought that "parochial school education" in religion was adequate have gone on to secular universities and progressed in their study of science. Exclusive preoccupation with science in minds that had a kindergarten or an elementary school knowledge of religion has, unfortunately, resulted in soul tragedy for these people. On the foundations built in the elementary school there must be built a superstructure. What the student gets in the elementary school should not be "static" ideas about religion but germinal possibilities centered around the doctrinal ideas of the catechism. These should grow, and must grow, particularly if education is carried on into the higher levels of science. The difficulty here is not any contradiction between science and religion but a lack of adjustment between the religious and scientific ideas.

It is agreed in educational discussions that practice must be related to theory, and it is a cardinal principle of educational theory that the nature of the individual must be considered in the determination of the educational practice and of the educational processes. Man is rational. He has free will. He is capable of thought. He has the power of self-activity. He has the power of self-direction or self-determination. He is the most important agent of his own education. Catholic education, where it is effective, recognizes these Catholic principles of the individual's moral responsibility for the making of his own life.

We have had in the past in American education a great emphasis on what was called social efficiency, and seemingly this social result was made superior to the individual result in education. There has been in this relationship increasing recognition



Armstrong Roberts Photo

of the social character of education and the necessity of social factors in the fulfillment of the individual purpose. It is an axiom of educational discussion that the individual cannot be educated except in a social medium. But it is not always conceded that the purpose of education is the production of a type of individual rather than a type of society. Which is means? Which is end?

PROFESSOR BRIGGS of Columbia appeared lately before the North Central Association and set up, apparently as the test used in connection with the Regent's inquiry, a new form of social objective. He called it social competency. This is merely the old educational game of changing terminology without changing ideas. Social efficiency as an educational fashion had pretty much disappeared, but the old idea comes back in new form under this head. We are today startled by the development of this thesis to what is, we think, a *reductio ad absurdum*: it is called totalitarianism. When we see, as we do in Europe, on a broad continental scale, a philosophy which is also called totalitarianism or statism in which the individual is absolutely subordinate to the state, has no independence as a person, and must sacrifice all for the state, we see logically what innocent-looking social tendencies—social efficiency or social competency—may develop into.

In spite of the European demonstration writ so large that all but the blind could see, we still go on subordinating the social factors as an end to the individual purpose, and at the same time condemn with all the vehemence we are capable of the catastrophe of European practice and say that it means the collapse of civilization. Perhaps we are deceiving ourselves with the convenient phrase, "It can't happen here." Against the illogic, false premises, and mistaken conclusions of this false philosophy Catholic education is a bulwark that may be ultimately the only defense. Catholicism and all worthwhile philosophy and religion assert the dignity and value of the human individual, and assert the eternal worth of the God-redeemed human person. They assert the State is made for man and by man, and not man for the State, or the unconscionable individuals

who control it for a passing moment in the panorama of time. Never before has there been such need for the teaching of these fundamental truths which have always been proclaimed and defended by the Catholic Church. They are taught, the world over, in schools and colleges under the direction of the Church.

This is part of the philosophy of education that inspires Catholic educational institutions to hold strong to the liberal studies, i.e., those studies which educate the spirit of man and not merely train him in the technique of industrial and social practices that a new invention or a new dictator may wipe out tomorrow. The liberal studies aim to educate and to feed the permanent and abiding parts of man's nature. They are for the enjoyment of life and particularly for what the Greeks called the "rational enjoyment of leisure." They are for those underlying qualities of human capacity which manifest themselves in all man's life and are not without their permanent effects in all kinds of vocations and in many forms of social practice where special mechanical training or drill is necessary. They are a protection against mental collapse and that feverish social activity by which we try to escape from ourselves. They enable us to live with ourselves. They enable us to grow in appreciation of the finer things in life. They keep us in contact with the good and the true and the beautiful. They make us human and humane. They feed man's holy spirit.

IT MUST not be assumed, therefore, that in practical affairs of life training of a professional character may not be secured under Catholic auspices. Somewhere in the United States there are good professional schools in practically all fields under the auspices of Catholic universities whose graduates measure up well on any standard of personal achievement, the promotion of social welfare, or the contributions to the development of the profession. There are some Catholic schools that do not measure up to these standards. The parent who is seriously interested in getting the best from a professional training should consult disinterested and competent Catholic educators for advice.

General education takes into account the *social destiny* of the individual. It blinks the fact growing out of man's spiritual nature whether he has any *destiny beyond this life*. Catholic education not only does not blink this fact but places it central in its educational scheme. It always keeps before it the words of the Master: "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Recognizing that its constant purpose is to help the individuals coming within its influence to achieve that purpose, and judging by reports that were made at the recent meeting of the National Catholic Educational Association at Kansas City, Catholic education is searching its own heart and seriously making every effort to improve the means and instruments and agencies that it has already developed to achieve the supreme purpose of life on earth.

Dr. Diedrich von Hildebrand, formerly a professor in Germany, but now, fortunately, outside the range of the German Gestapo, has a rather challenging remark in an essay containing what is the best statement I know of the purpose of a Catholic university. He says, "The Catholic university is not intended as a sort of a ghetto for Catholics."

The Catholic university or college must meet the standards not only of the other universities, but must meet the standards conformable to the "idea" of a university. It is a more comprehensive ideal. It has a true conception of knowledge and of science and of reality. This is historically and traditionally the Catholic idea, and the Catholic attitude. What I am speaking about is "the Catholic attitude, not the attitude of the average Catholic." But this Catholic attitude must become the attitude of the average Catholic. Catholic education must have this support, and Catholics must have this understanding. The Catholic college and university must not become a Catholic educational ghetto. It must have the free range of a divine humanity and Catholics must understand this and support actively and sacrificially those institutions where it is achieved.

Fighting Print With Print

By JEROME J. O'DOWD

TO DAY a social evil is having a devastating effect on public morality and personal integrity. And this is indecency in print, an evil which never seemed to be as rampant as it was after the successful movie clean-up conducted by our American Bishops. Undoubtedly the smut-publishers realized that the closing of one outlet to bawdiness would place more pressure on another source.

Consequently the obscene picture and story magazines began to deluge the public magazine racks. Many balking dealers, finally succumbing to the pressure methods of the distributors and publishers, were compelled to be involuntary agencies for filth.

Our Bishops were quick to notice the tremendous increase in the output of salacious reading matter. Investigation disclosed that some newsstands were loaded from one-fourth to one-half with stench-making periodicals, and four hundred publications caused sixteen million copies to flood the market monthly. Then in early 1939 the Bishops counter-attacked with a new organization called The National Organization for Decent Literature. They appealed to all patriotic Americans to rally to the support of their program and made it clear that this was a civic as well as a religious problem.

The law-enforcing agencies were the ones to discover the distinct parallel between the increase in sex crimes and the current output of indecent literature, revealing how strongly smutty publications were contributing to the new crime wave. The Bishops appealed to Catholic organizations especially, and a group of students at our university—feeling that this was a chance to take a useful part in the apostolate of the hierarchy—approached the prefect of religion.

One of the boys on the committee suggested that we prepare a pamphlet on the evils of indecent literature, with emphasis on the effect that such literature undoubtedly has upon the high school youth of our nation. This idea carried more weight than any of the others, and

it was decided to begin the work.

As soon as the membership of the committee was formed and the particular assignments of each member made, the preparatory work of the pamphlet was launched quietly but effectively. We made it a point to discuss the matter of indecent literature at table in the refectory, in the residence halls, in short everywhere on the campus, and to note carefully the reaction of the student body to our questions and objections. As a matter of fact, the information thus obtained, and specifically the difficulties proposed by the students who were interviewed, later formed the substantial part of the pamphlet in its final corrected form.

It was, of course, necessary to adopt a definite viewpoint in writing the pamphlet. And it was thought best to make it snappy, realistic, and to direct the appeal to the Catholic youth of high school age.

It was also decided that a few drawings would considerably increase the effectiveness of the booklet, and so a student artist was added to our twelve man committee.

In its final draft the message in the pamphlet proposed, first of all, the question of good and of bad literature—and which shall it be in my life? This is proposed as a challenge to the reader, and is worked up to a point, through reasoning and illustrative example, where common sense necessitates every normal Catholic youth to say to himself, "Well, I can't afford to take a chance."

A frightful, factual example of how dirty literature ruined the life of one young man is then graphically related. It leads up to the conclusion, stated in the form of one of the actual objections presented to the Commission for Decent Literature (as we came to be known) that, "just because a fool was taken in by dirty literature doesn't mean that it will hurt me." But the story of the unfortunate young man, now in prison, is realistic.

Other objections stated and answered include the following:

(1) "You have overstated the case. Bad literature is not as rampant as you suggest and is not doing as much harm as you claim." G-Men facts took care of this one.

(2) "Much of the stuff you call smut is only realism or art for art's sake." Courtney Ryley Cooper, famed G-Man writing in *Forum Magazine* said, "Of the magazines condemned there was nothing of artistic or literary merit in any of them."

(3) "The aims of the N.O.D.L. infringe on the liberty of the individual." Well liberty isn't license. Justice Holmes was certain that even if a man were free he didn't have the right to yell "fire" in a crowded theatre, and the smut publishers by the same token aren't free to stay in business.

(4) "Every man to himself. If it hurts Joe, let Joe stay away from it. If it doesn't hurt me, then I can take it." Uncle Sam's Bureau of Public Health has a few words for this: "If a boy or a man frequently permits himself to look at suggestive pictures, to listen to vulgar stories, and to indulge in lewd thoughts, he brings about a mental condition which may lead him later into (serious sin)."

The second half of the pamphlet emphasizes the need for organization for the protection of young people from contamination. The example of the athletic director at our school, prominent athletes and students, all behind the movement, was used as a spur to active participation in the campaign against indecent print.

OUR Commission for Decent Literature is happy that the venture has been a success. The booklet of eighteen pages has gone through six printings aggregating a total circulation of 125,000 copies. There have been requests for it from the forty-eight states and from several foreign countries. Members of the commission have from time to time given talks at college press conferences and catechetical meetings on this Catholic Action project. There is much work still to be done in this regard.

June, 1

The Saving

Quarrel

Douglas Newton

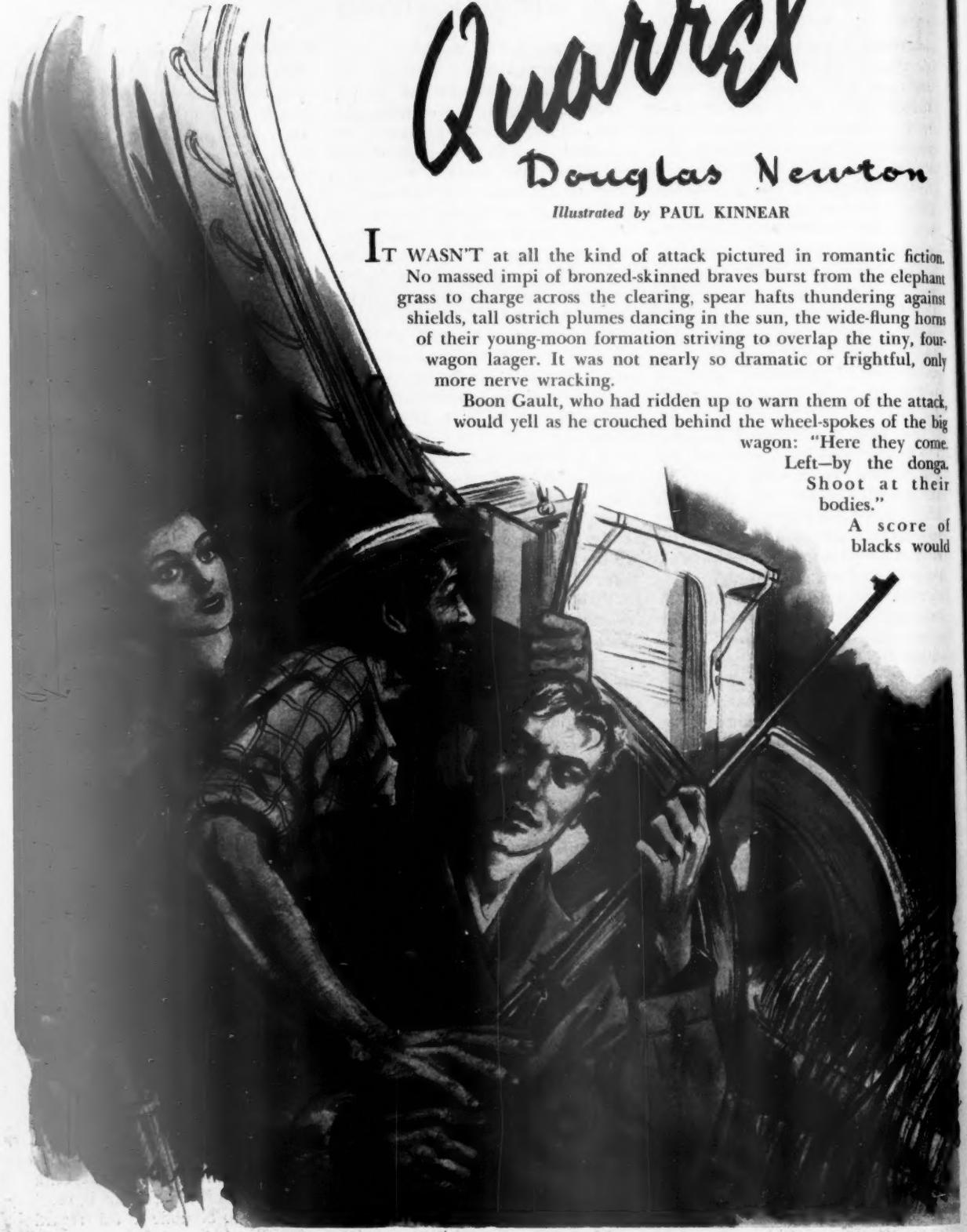
Illustrated by PAUL KINNEAR

IT WASN'T at all the kind of attack pictured in romantic fiction. No massed impi of bronzed-skinned braves burst from the elephant grass to charge across the clearing, spear hafts thundering against shields, tall ostrich plumes dancing in the sun, the wide-flung horns of their young-moon formation striving to overlap the tiny, four-wagon laager. It was not nearly so dramatic or frightful, only more nerve wracking.

Boon Gault, who had ridden up to warn them of the attack, would yell as he crouched behind the wheel-spokes of the big wagon: "Here they come.

Left—by the donga.
Shoot at their bodies."

A score of
blacks would



abruptly jump into sight, sprinting for the camp. Boon's rifle would crack and Con's lighter piece, while Lucy's sporting gun would bang and bang from both barrels, until the Ishinga got too close for reloading; then she fired the Colt revolver.

The bucks would rush on yelling, their pace slackening under the fire, until they checked to heave their assegais or fire their trade guns, their spear blades clanging oddly against the iron tires of the wheels.

Only occasionally did their rush bring them three-quarters of the way; then Boon dropped his rifle and let them have it from Con's elephant gun. The mighty crash was enough to send the lot streaking back to cover faster than they had left it.

There'd be a wait for as much as a half an hour, or perhaps only minutes; then there'd be a rush from the pepper trees on the right; or they'd hear Robert's and the other guns firing from the Cape cart at the back and would wait, their hearts pumping, for the concerted rush that would overwhelm them.

"They're closer every time," Boon said.

"Robert says the king kraal men will reach them during the night, and—and darkness will favor them," Lucy put in unexpectedly.

"I wonder?" Con said, largely to soothe his wife, since Boon said nothing. "I'd say myself that if they were expecting more men, they wouldn't risk themselves like this in piecemeal rushes."

"Might be a personal grudge," Boon said slowly. He'd been listening to the shouts of

the Ishinga, whose language he understood. "They seem to want to get you before any others come; they have it in for you, Leary, for something."

"For me—rot!" Con cried. "I've told you, I've never been near this district before—"

"It's Umtesa," Lucy put in. "You kicked him out of the wagon again only two days ago, Con. He's treacherous. It was he who made our 'boys' turn against us. . . ."

"Umtesa!" Boon said. "Was he with you?"

"He was my head boy," Con said. "He got into Marburg with an outfit just before our wedding, and when he heard we were heading for Barbicane he offered himself. As he knew the trail better than any local Hottentot, I naturally took him on."

"So that's why you're trekking this long, roundabout way," Boon said. "He led you astray purposely to bring you through his own country."

"He swore this was the quickest trail," Con said. "But are you sure about him?"

"Sure enough. It was at Umtesa's own kraal that I got wind of trouble laying in wait for you and rode to warn you. Umtesa is by way of being a big feller there. What made you manhandle him, Leary?"

"He was always sneaking into the wagon when he thought my back was turned. He's got designs on my wardrobe from the look of it. The last was the third time I'd caught him with the chest open, pawing over my wedding suit, if you please; but hang it all, a mere booting wouldn't make him thirst for my blood—to say nothing of the rest."

"You can't tell with natives,"

Boon shrugged. "Umtesa has set his mind on being *induna* (sub-chief) locally, and he's a nasty feller to cross. Anyhow, white friendliness means nothing when tribal blood calls."

"I say—are you sure we coudn't get out under cover of the dark to the kopjes beyond there?" Con asked desperately. "You've said we'd be safe enough once in there."

"Yes, I have said it. I know the trail to beat them," Boon nodded. "Only, no living thing will get through this ring of native eyes unseen."

"And help from Barbicane?"

"It arrives tomorrow afternoon—if my boy gets through," Boon said.

They were silent thinking of what must happen to them long before rescue reached them tomorrow afternoon. Lucy broke the silence by saying sharply: "It sounds as if they're quarrelling."

"Yes," Boon, who had been listening, agreed. "That big voice doesn't want them to do something—I don't know what. The others all want it, to get things over quicker."

"Big voice is Umtesa," Con said. "I recognize it. He's in command, after all, eh?"

"Not so much," Boon frowned. "It seems as though they shout him down. . . Ah, is that why?"

A lithe, dark figure, indefinite in the growing gloom, had leapt upright and flung back his spear arm. A line of sparks showed with a firework's prettiness against the growing night. They heard a blade thud against an upright of the wagon tilt just as Boon swore savagely and fired.

"What is it?" Con demanded.

He raised his rifle to shoot. Boon's hand closed on the barrel, brought it down. "No," he said quickly. "It is a bad quarrel."



"Fire spears—they have twisted bands of grass round the haft of that assegai, lit them and then flung it at your canvas wagon cover. Shoot! Shoot! They mean to burn us out."

They fired fiercely, but it was hopeless in the dusk. The natives leapt up from cover for only a second while they hurled their spears. It would have been difficult snap-shooting at any time, but with the darkness hiding their black bodies it was almost impossible to hit now.

Even as they shot, the assegai's came over like flights of rockets trailing their sparks. Some fell short or clattered down from the wagon bodies and lay like little blazing torches before the wheels; some went out before striking the tilts, but too many did not. The keen-edged blades sank in, the burning straw bands fell upon the sun-dried canvas—in a minute all the wagons were ablaze.

Robert came running to them to say that the wind driving the smoke and flames on top of them had beaten them out, and it was impossible to hold the rear any longer.

"We've got to make a dash for it," Con cried. "We'll put Lucy in the middle and fight our way toward the kopjes."

"Hopeless," Boon said. "Look."

They stared through the wheels. The blaze lit up the place like a great torch. They could see the natives, the red glare glistening upon their oiled bodies and sharpened spears, standing in a ring about the camp. They were sure of their prey now. They stood like sportsmen waiting for the game to be driven out to kill.

Even when they themselves fired at them the blacks only shifted and jiggled, making themselves difficult targets, but not relaxing their alertness.

The smoke was now pouring and weaving about them, making them choke. The heat was growing insupportable. Con gasped:

"We must do something. Better to die making a fight than be roasted alive. Come on!"

Boon said quickly: "Wait, they are quarrelling again. Look, that big man is beside himself with anger."

"Umtesal!" Con snarled. "Blast him, I'll get him for this, at least."

He raised his rifle to shoot. Boon's hand closed on the barrel, brought it down.

"No," he said quickly. "It is a bad quarrel. They may even fight each other. . . Look, the others are coming up, taking sides. . ."

Suddenly he was excited, alert:

"Ah—our chance. . . Look, they have come away from the pepper trees to join in the row. It is a gap in their ring. See, if we slip out well to the right, keep in that blackness of smoke there, going very softly, we may get past them yet. . . It is worth trying."

They went quickly, slipping between the wagons which were now oven-like, and out into the open.

Their luck was even better than they had hoped. The wind was carrying the smoke of the burning along here in great flurrying banks, not only intensifying the shadows, but making a deep and choking fog that cut off all visibility.

THEY bound handkerchiefs about their mouths and noses and slipped into the night, Boon Gault going first, Lucy holding his belt, Con with his hand on her shoulder, and the rest in line—all holding revolvers or guns ready for instant use.

Boon, crouching and moving softly, led them quietly along the line of the fog-bank of smoke toward the pepper trees; and they went unchallenged. They did not encounter any of the bloodthirsty Ishinga, though, as they drew near the trees, they heard the noise of the quarrel rising more fiercely.

Umtesa's voice dominated the rest. It was lifted in chattering passion, screeching at his companions in a rabid fervor, shouting down any voice rising in opposition. He had backers, too; who howled back with him at the other's howls. It was a strange and frightful tumult.

But it saved their lives.

It had drawn so many of the Ishinga that they found their way unbarred. It was so furious that the blacks had no eyes or minds for anything else.

They slipped by unobserved. It was distinctly eerie, to have escaped from the laager that was now a raging furnace meant to burn them alive, and to creep past the very men who meant to kill them—while those men stood in a milling group, shouting and mowing at each other in the light of the flames.

The quarrel had saved them. They reached the pepper trees; mov-

ing rather more freely, yet with danger still, they at last made the kopjes.

Even then it was touch and go. They had to cower for a long time amid the rocks while the picked fighters from the king kraal poured by. They had arrived by forced marches in the hope of being in time to "blood their spears" in the whites.

Luckily the flames of the burning wagons held their eyes; it did not even occur to them that the whites had got free and were crouching close by, so they made no search for them.

When they had gone Boon led them through the kopjes by ways he knew, and though the going was fast and hard, they encountered no more dangers. By mid-afternoon next day they met the force hastily gathered to ride to their rescue.

They had escaped by sheer chance, by the chance of Umtesa having lost his temper over something at the critical instant.

"Must have been something pretty big," Con said, "to have made him chuck away the chance of killing us when he had us absolutely in the hollow of his hand."

"It was your top hat," Boon said.

"My topper! What on earth are you taking about. . . ?"

"Just that—your top-hat. Umtesa had set his heart on it; in fact, you yourself say you booted him for pawing over your wedding-suit. The topper was part of it—"

"Why yes, but I'd forgotten. I hate the thing. It was forced on me for my wedding—and it's the only time I've worn it. But it seems idiotic Umtesa wanting it!"

"To him it's an emblem of power, maybe." Boon said. "It is with natives, you know; the insignia of chieftainship. And Umtesa wants to be a chief. That's why he quarreled with the others. He tried to prevent them setting fire to the wagons with their fire-spears, because he wanted to save the hat. Then when they defied him, he went right up in the air. He knew there'd be no chance of getting that topper—it would be bound to be burnt, and his rage knew no limits. That was what the big quarrel was about. He simply forgot all about us in his fury over the lost topper. Yes, that's the reason we're here and alive—the quarrel over your top-hat!"



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By KATHERINE BURTON

Who Helped Columbus?

MR. WENDELL WILLKIE is much in the news just now as a presidential possibility. He is clever and makes good speeches, but he slipped up a bit the other day when he talked about Christopher Columbus, whom he termed an economic royalist, a rugged individualist who could never have gotten started had there been a New Deal in his day. He would have been cross-examined in his plan and might still be waiting for permission to leave port, claimed Mr. Willkie.

Mr. Willkie is a bit unfair here. Who helped Columbus? Was it the businessmen or the bankers or the wealthy men of Spain who easily could have financed the expedition? And as far as I can remember he didn't set out to discover America anyway. He was hunting a road to India, that land where so much trade could be captured—gold and ivory and spices—yet even that did not move the conservatives to lend him money.

If ever there was an experiment, a search through distance and danger, that was it. And who was it who was willing to subsidize him? Who sold her jewels to the doubting bankers to get money for the trip? As you know, even if Mr. Willkie doesn't, it was a woman. Had it not been for Isabella of Spain, things might have turned out very differently for Columbus. On his own initiative he might have secured a tame job at home and forgotten all about India, and the descendants of the bankers would never have secured the wealth they have today had it not been for a man's dream and a woman's faith in it.

Maybe Mr. Willkie missed the chapter in his history book about San Salvador and Isabella too. Or maybe he was just making a speech.

Facing Some Unpleasant Facts

I WOULD like to present a few facts which I take from an article by Samuel Grafton in the *New York Post*, and which I have not seen refuted since the article was printed. I therefore take it for granted that the facts are true. They are incredibly horrible and, what is almost worse, incredibly foolish. According to Mr. Grafton, the Senate is being stampeded into a huge navy by the information that Japan is greatly increasing hers. He adds that if this is true there is an easy way to cure the condition. Modern battleships are of steel and they are fueled with oil. Japan gets its oil and steel from us—and Mr. Grafton hastens to add that by the word "us" he does not mean the nation but he very definitely means the few Americans who are in scrap material and war business trades.

In other words we send the stuff to build their navy and then we have to build a navy to protect ourselves from theirs. Some day it could easily come about that an American and a Japanese fleet could go into battle and both would be made of steel from the same American mills and run with oil coming from the same American wells. Quoting again from Mr. Grafton's figures, this small group sells Japan \$30,000,000 worth of scrap metal a year and we are going to spend—and *all* of us will pay for that—at least \$75,000,000 each for new battleships to meet the menace created by a few through their greed, by many through their blindness.

Mr. Grafton says we are now supplying 90 per cent of Japan's imported war materials, and that if she did not have that she would be out of China very soon. And, I may add, we good-hearted idiots are meantime dropping coins in boxes to help China. "Face our destiny with a smile," says Mr. Grafton. "Build the big ships to be manned with American boys." And their epitaph may be: they died for the American junk business.

I read his article with horror. I looked for letters against it and found none.

Some Practical Conclusions

NOW, since women are prone to desire peace, since thousands of them are saying it to each other and thousands are saying it in groups, why under the sun can't we get together and say it so loudly that it can be heard in legislative halls above the arguing about post offices and taxes? I wish we could have thousands and thousands of women send a monster petition to Congress and follow it up with voices raised a bit louder than the arms lobbies. We might really accomplish something. Surprising as it sounds, we might start the process of peace through the world.

I think the trouble is that women have been too sentimental on this subject—or I might better say, too full of sentiment. For we have brought children into the world and we can't see why they should be shot down for no ethical or unselfish reason but merely to further trade. We know that, but we have no doubt been too idealistic about peace in our time. How about a few hard words instead? How about considering the Sermon on the Mount as facts and not phrases? I think we really could get somewhere if we practiced our right of suffrage and our right of speech to end so illogical and monstrous a thing as this. We hear now and then of a "woman's revolt." Perhaps here is a chance for a sensible one. I wish with all my heart we could all push together to knock over and knock out this Frankenstein we are all guilty of having built.

THE PASSIONISTS



The bombers did a real job—a direct hit demolished the hospital

NERVES or no nerves, bombing raids under the aegis of an undeclared war must be endured. One sometimes wonders if there are not blessings concealed in deafness and blindness. But being neither the one nor the other, by the mercy of God, we take the aerial bombardments visited upon Chihkiang with eyes seeing and ears hearing. Yes, and (it's no secret) "with mouth open." One might continue the facts and add "heart a-pounding," "breath jerky," aspirations calling, "My God! have mercy on us."

April 12, 1940 was another such day for us here in Chihkiang Catholic Mission. At the sound of the siren the hospital went into action; that is, with our usual air raid precautions. First, all fires extinguished; then encouraging the patients who were able to walk to leave the building. This meant handing crutches to the lame, adjusting slings to give good support to the wounded hand or arm, getting someone to lead the bad eye case, a word of caution to the patient recuperating from typhoid, telling the coolies not to jar too much the patient on the stretcher, and finally almost a threat to the male attendant, who remains—come what may—to be sure that the few who could not leave and refused to be carried got into the air raid shelter in the rear of the hospital as soon as the urgent alarm was given.

By 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon we had run two air raid alarms. By

"run" we mean getting away from the city. This is the policy desired by our Most Reverend Bishop and insisted upon by the Mayor of the city. A dead or maimed priest or Sister is in no position to serve the victims of an air raid. Hence the "Run."... We run in order to be able to return.

This day we returned twice, only to run a third time at 4:30 o'clock. Just an hour later that familiar drone of the roar of heavy motors was heard. The effect this sound has on one's nervous system just can't be described; but it has a good spiritual effect. You make an act of contrition that comes straight from the heart and not merely from the lips. If you ever wanted to feel small and unknown it's when those bombers are over your head. This day there were twenty-seven of them. Three attacks were made on the airport within a space of twenty-five minutes.

The fourth attack, made by nine planes, struck out across the city flying from west to east (the sun behind them). Of all of the nineteen raids this city has silently and patiently suffered since November, 1938, today's was the most spectacular and vicious... not perhaps from the number of lives lost (only four persons killed and ten injured) but from the consistent, prolonged, and criss-cross method of the enemy bombing.

At the time of the bombardment we were at a safe distance from the

Our Hospital Is Destroyed

By SISTER M. CATHERINE

city, in hiding. But being low we were not able to distinguish what the objective was in the city. One thing we did know—there were no fires raging, and we were grateful for this. As soon as the enemy raiders had departed we quickly made our way back to the river bank. As we were passing the telegraph office we met a stampeding mass of frightened, gesticulating human beings yelling "the bombers are returning!" As you know, a telegraph office is a definite military objective.

Religious decorum went overboard. The thing foremost in my mind was to put distance between me and that target, namely, the telegraph office. And distance can be gained only by rapid flight. Everybody pell-mell in four directions. In collecting my scattered wits I distinctly recall wondering why some one of us did not stop for a second to listen for the roar of those returning raiders. Sure, it was but a fictitious though alarming report fabricated in some person's ears. Anyway, it was a distinctly satisfying sensation—being fooled so unsuspectingly.

On the way back into the city a number of persons breathlessly told us that our hospital had been demolished by a direct bomb hit. Could it be true? I refused to believe it; I had been fooled once today and I was going to see for myself. However, I was uneasy and pushed on trying to avoid the expression on the faces of the people, nor did I want to hear

what they had to say about the disaster. Had the Japanese wiped out in a flash the good work we had done for the past eighteen months?

The Hospital, as perhaps many of the readers of THE SIGN recall, was opened on the spur of the moment, immediately following the first air raid in Chihkiang back in November, 1938. Last April when terror reigned over Chihkiang all were urged to quit the city. People were too terrified to come to the Hospital in the city for treatment, so it was decided that we move across the river.

Property was at a premium, so much so that we were satisfied with the offer of two mud huts. Sounds rather grim to Americans with such up-to-date hospitals and modern clinics. However, we carried on real hospital work in these mud huts during the summer months, but had to abandon them when the cold weather set in. Father William was able to purchase property directly behind and adjoining the Mission property. Carpenters and painters worked like Trojans, and in a short time we had something more than mud huts to offer to suffering humanity. Can you blame me for not wanting to believe that it was leveled to the ground?

But I was soon to see for myself, since I was getting nearer and nearer to home. As I turned the corner of the street on which our property is located, my sense of smell assured me that there was some truth in it. I didn't have to take the second whiff to detect the odor of cod liver oil and iodoform. I can't say which predominated, but I do know that the loss of either of these drugs could be considered a major disaster in China. But more than cod liver oil and iodoform were lost. The entire hospital establishment, fitted out only four and a half months ago, was a mass of ruins . . . mere firewood.

I stood dazed, looking at the crater the bomb had made in the flower bed. Oh, the irony of it! Only this morning I had scolded a coolie for stepping on the geraniums! Yes, it was true, the Hospital was demolished—administration building, outpatient department, dispensary, operating room, wards, store rooms and nurses' quarters—nothing but dangling beams and splintered wood. Near me stood the returning pa-



"And this morning I scolded about a crushed flower!"

tients . . . the man leaning heavily on his crutches; the bad arm case telling the eye case that there was nothing left; the typhoid patient looked tired and wan—he needed rest, but where would we put him. My thoughts wandered into the future . . . could we get those mud huts back for the summer? Could we ask our friends to help us build another hospital?

The brave male attendant, who had remained at the hospital during the raid, shook me out of my dreams by exclaiming, "Pu teh liao, Hsiu Tao!" (Awful Sister.) It was good to see him alive and learn that the remaining patients had been in the air raid shelter with him. What a blessing—no deaths and no injuries. The brave attendant thought now was the time to claim indemnity for his personal belongings, blown to pieces or buried in the ruins. He informed me his loss amounted to \$3.50, but later salvaged his wash basin and deducted fifty cents! Another important item he had to report was that the hospital's teapot was broken!

Such a moment comes but seldom in one's life, and it required a heroic effort to reach away down and drag one's feelings up to the breathing surface. Nothing like action to give one's self a needed lift in times like these. The hospital staff had gathered and many of our Christians had volunteered their service. A captain of the army made his appearance and graciously lent a hand with the work;

he likewise stationed four of his soldiers on guard for the night.

We put a crew at rescuing exposed bedding; more at digging out half buried records, and a crew to explore among the debris for the medicine chest. The work went on till midnight, with the help of lanterns and flashlights. Crowds of curious onlookers hindered the task; some of whom wanted to vent their animosity in loud talk against the ruthless invaders. A number of officials interrupted the work long enough to gather vital statistics as to the number of bombs that fell in the hospital, how many persons were injured, etc.

That night it rained, as well as part of the following day, which only added to the gruesomeness of the shattered buildings. Snapshots were taken of the wreckage. Then a crew of workmen began cleaning up the mess. It was all so disheartening to find only the part of a costly surgical instrument; to see the remains of an intravenous set; to see a workman kick aside a bottle that once contained a valuable drug; to have someone hand you a package of mud-soaked gauze that only the day before had been immaculate and sterile. But with it all we had the comfort of knowing that no lives were lost.

Our material loss in drugs alone, not to mention equipment and hospital buildings, amounted to \$10,000, Chinese national currency. To us on the foreign missions the sum is mountainous.

Haiphong—Cinderella Seaport

By CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P.

WARS have unexpected results. The present situation in Haiphong has been developed because of the Sino-Japanese imbroglio—a real war that many old China hands felt would not last long, although now it seems that it may go on for generations.

Haiphong is not a new city. It has long been the main port for Tonkin, the northernmost of the four provinces of French Indo-China. Its population is now close to 150,000—at least half of whom are Chinese, not native Annamites. The entrance fee for Chinese used to be eighty piastres. It was raised to three hundred to discourage the present immigration, but still they flock in as refugees.

Haiphong has for some time been a modern city with wide, clean, tree-lined streets; with fine homes and public buildings. Its narrow river harbor, a short distance from Tonkin Bay, can accommodate sixteen ocean liners along the shore-length docks or at anchoring buoys. Recently it has been crowded with as many as thirty-two ships. The nearby *Baie d'Along* has been seriously considered as the future port. This deep bay is now being used for the town of Honghai from which each year millions of tons of anthracite coal are shipped to Hongkong, Shanghai, and Japan. Saigon, for long the only Indo-China seaport touched by big ocean liners, lies about eight hundred miles to the south by sea route, in Cambodia province. The province of Annam lies between along the coast, with Laos province inland along the Siam border.

Haiphong is the sea terminus of the railroad running up through the city of Hanoi and on into the southwest of China, ending at the city of Kunming, capital of Yunnan Province. This railroad has come to be China's only lifeline from the Pacific; hence all the bustle about Haiphong. It is, consequently, the only opening for supplies to our American Embassy at Chungking. Four U. S. Naval Attachés are stationed at Haiphong to tend to these supplies. This,

too, is the only avenue of approach for travellers and for missionaries bound for interior China, and for regions like ours in western Hunan. Thus Haiphong, from being almost nothing in the viewpoint of world shipping, has become a most important port in the Far East.

Indo-China, of course, is neutral in the Sino-Japanese conflict. But Indo-China has no complaint against the government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek, and business men with their merchandise have access to China through this country south of the border. On the Japanese side, it is their lookout to halt communications within Chinese territory itself. What success they have had can be seen by the long lines of trucks assembled and ready at Haiphong for months, with supplies and other equipment ready for assembly. These stand all along the docks, in warehouses and in parks.

This does not mean that the Chinese are defeated in their purposes. No such difficulties have ever discouraged them. They seem able to do the impossible by virtue of their patience. They are getting things through somehow. But so much is going to waste. One wonders at the

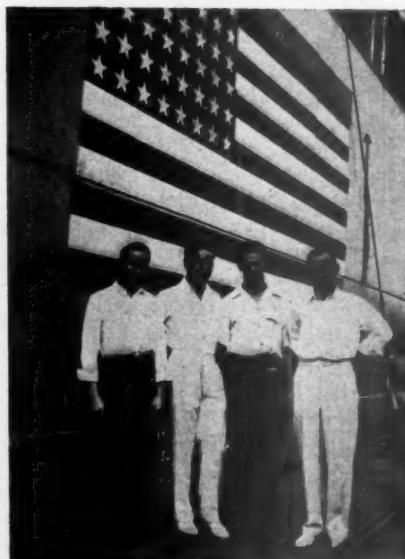
folly of war. Seeing the fine trucks and ambulances, the bales of wire, the rails and tons of other equipment rusting in Haiphong, the imagination revels in the grand things that could be done with them in China.

Japan really needs a friendly China; but what curious turn of thought could have brought about the present conviction that this friendliness of China might be procured by torturing the country and driving sixty million people into refuge far from their homes and business? The Chinese and China are strangely benefiting by the war, but at what a cost! Certainly the Chinese can never be brought to think that they are inferior to the Japanese, and the slow, hard resistance of generations will only strengthen their antagonism instead of developing a friendship for their younger island neighbor.

Japan has done as much as any nation ever did to win a war; they have even won all that they perhaps planned and far more. But they have not obtained the results of their winning. The Chinese are very definitely not defeated. There is enough glory on each side. What an opportunity the Japanese now have to admit all that and save the face of the Chinese. It would be a recognition paving the way for friendship. As it is now Japan has won the poker game, but China has not lost: it still has what is really gambled for—its nation, its people.

In the meanwhile, Haiphong, Cinderella of the gruesome night's ball, has awakened from a long, dreamless sleep, fully conscious of its unexpected prosperity and making the best of it in a hurry.

But Haiphong is and will be more than just this. A friendly suggestion might be made that greater leeway be given to minor officials to adapt regulations to unusual circumstances. *C'est réglément* is the inevitable, final, and unsurmountable obstacle met on all sides. Many have experienced delays, annoyances and unnecessary expenses at the Customs. It was my good fortune that a higher official came along and in-



American sailors who bade farewell to Fr. Cormac at Haiphong, Indo-China

errupted what was starting out to be a trying ordeal. This gentleman was the soul of French courtesy and I send him my grateful thanks. As I had only my personal belongings, he made things quite smooth and pleasant for me.

At the Post Office it was different. It took me four personal visits to the office besides three deliveries at the Mission before I could obtain a simple registered letter from my Passionist Superior in the Missions. I was finally given the letter only after presenting my passport for

the only Father who speaks English.

Hanoi is less than two hours auto ride from Haiphong, though the railroad trains, stopping at every station, take more than four hours. It is a city of more than two hundred thousand population and, like Haiphong, modern. The surrounding Vicariate of Hanoi in charge of the Paris Foreign Missionaries, has a quarter of a million Catholics out of two and a half million inhabitants. The Canadian Redemptorist Fathers from St. Anne de Beaupré have a fine seminary of their order

There used to be a Y.M.C.A. in Hanoi, but it is more than fifteen years since they were asked to leave. An official of the railroad, who has spent well over thirty years in Indo-China, remarked that their American customs of license between the sexes was corrupting the natives. Today, with many opportunities to compare Chinese students returning from different countries, it is claimed there is a marked difference in the ones coming from our United States: in morals and patriotism the comparison is unfavorable to the products



The Franciscan travelling motor chapel gives a demonstration at a Salesian School in Kunming

identification, although I was accompanied by a well-known priest of the Mission. *C'est règlement!* But it was really a letter to be treasured and worth all the trouble—a grand hearty word of welcome back "home" to China by my Passionist brethren.

The Catholic Church is well established in Haiphong. The twenty-five Spanish Dominicans of the Vicariate have ninety native Annamite priests with them in the care of over 130,000 Catholics out of a total population of about a million. Cardinal O'Connell of Boston is the one honored benefactor of the regional seminary. The Cathedral church at Haiphong is attended by two thousand native Catholics, one hundred Catholic Chinese and many foreign Catholics. The 8:30 Mass on Sunday is especially for these latter, with a sermon in French. Father Breton is

in the Nam Dong section of the city, and as in the Philippines and elsewhere, devote themselves exclusively to giving parish missions. Two of the Fathers were conducting a two weeks mission in the Cathedral and two others in the Church of the Martyrs.

On the way to this latter Church I passed the very gate through which Blessed Theophane Vénard walked in chains to the river bank and martyrdom for Christ. Kneeling before his shrine in the church, I was privileged to hold in my hands the reliquary with his whole neck bone, marked still with the gash of the executioner's sword. How Christ's Church has become a part of the very land, since His faithful ones poured their blood into its soil! Riding along the countryside I have seen from one point as many as four well built Catholic Churches.

of our schools. The complaint is quite common here. Even a Jewish doctor from southeastern Europe, to whom I talked, brought up the subject.

A foreigner can be very much at home in Haiphong and Hanoi. One gets along considerably better by talking French, or even attempting it. But there is no need for the anxious China-bound traveller to stop off for long. Despite all the worries from Japanese raids along the China sector of the French railroad, there is still a train running each morning to the border. There it is met by the Customs officers—at Lao K'ai on the French side and Ho K'ou on the Chinese side.

Everybody and everything leaves the train on the French side; you arrange for rickshaws ("bus-bus" they call them) to transport yourself



*Spanish Dominicans entertained Fr. Cormac Shanahan, C.P., at Haiphong.
Bishop Gonzales, O.P., is second from the left*

and luggage, first to the French Customs and then across the tracks to the Chinese Customs, and on to a train waiting across the border. Meanwhile a French official has lifted your passport, for registry at the Bureau de Sureté. You can recover it there if you are staying over in Lao K'ai, or at the Customs when you pass your baggage.

In Chinese territory the only daily passenger train creeps along under cover of night, stopping over at K'ai Yuen and continuing on the next night to Kunming. The fare for the whole trip is sixty piastres in second class or about fifteen U.S. dollars. The French Indo-China piastre, with one hundred cents to each, is used all along the railroad, at the hotels, such as "The Bungalow" at K'ai Yuen, for transport, meals on the train, etc.

The meals are served at your seat, family style, with the others along the seat and those opposite partaking. You can keep your baggage with you in the coach (always carefully in sight) and carriers are available at each point of transfer. No difficulty was made at taking three suitcases and two small bags in this way, but in checking baggage through on a ticket there is an extra charge for over sixty pounds.

The section of the railroad fifty miles in from the Indo-China border, which was bombed by Japanese planes in February of this year with the loss of three hundred lives, was quickly repaired. Shortly afterwards our American Ambassador, Mr. Nelson Johnson, made the trip from Hanoi to Kunming in the former

schedule time, from nine at night to four o'clock the next afternoon. He travelled during the day after sending notice to the Japanese. A bridge at Hsiao Lung T'an was bombed last December but has been put in service again. Men are still working on it, with bomb-proof shelters ready for an emergency.

And now we are in Kunming, formerly Yunnanfu. It is real China, an old city, and one who expected a place like Haiphong or Hanoi, would be rather disappointed. During this six months' dry spell the dust is very annoying, but otherwise the streets are kept clean. The climate is the best in China with the temperature varying but slightly throughout the year, much like San Francisco, and so much better than the damp tropical climate of Haiphong.

An American aviator living in Kunming for the last two years has seen the city grow from 250,000 to more than a million inhabitants. Many of the old streets are wide enough for the trucks and private cars so numerous now, but wider streets and more modern homes and buildings are built outside the walls. Besides the railroad line for supplies, trucks come in after trips of several days from Rangoon or from the railroad head in northern Burma. An American driver just in said that at times he had driven as high as sixty miles an hour over this route.

Gasoline is at a premium. The Standard Oil and Texaco Companies are established here, but more than sixty per cent of the business is done by the Asiatic Petroleum Company,

selling Shell Gasoline. An enterprising manager of an American automobile company put this down to the better management of the A.P.C. Of course there are many restrictions to this business. A national petrol control board is functioning, and on the railroad the oil companies are allowed only four per cent of the car space. No supply depots are established along the roads of China, although it has been suggested that if the oil companies were allowed this arrangement traffic would move far more freely along the new highways.

The American Consulate in Kunming now has charge of the registry of our citizens throughout nearly all of the Chinese controlled section of China. The Paris Foreign Missionaries are in charge of the Catholic Missions throughout most of the Yunnan Province, and the Sulpician Fathers conduct the major seminary for them. The Salesian Fathers have just built a fine boys' school.

It was at this school that I met an old friend from the U.S.A., Father Christopher Sullivan, O.F.M.C. He is travelling through here with his trailer, which is a chapel, medical dispensary, and home combined. On Palm Sunday he showed motion pictures of our Saviour's Passion in the school yard. The Chinese applauded vigorously when Christ rose from the dead and ascended triumphant into Heaven. It was my privilege to assist him with the loud speaker music, though at times I was so engrossed in the scenes and the reactions of the people that I forgot to change the records. Fr. Sullivan is also paying a visit to our Passionist Missions in western Hunan. At the Passion Play I also met some of the Catholic students from various parts of China who are attending the Southwestern Union University. This University, a union of three formerly in Peiping, is housed temporarily in mud houses.

I have spent Holy Week and Easter here enjoying the hospitality of good Bishop Larregain. Tomorrow we start for Yüanling, Hunan, via Kweiyang. On arrival in Kunming I was told by the bus companies that I would have to wait two weeks for a bus. Only thirty pounds of baggage are allowed on the ticket. Excess baggage is charged for at the rate of four dollars for each ten pounds. Then one is not sure when the extra luggage will be sent. It has been a long but pleasant journey.



If You Dig Deep Enough

By WILLIAM WHELAN, C.P.

Monday, Dec. 25.

Midnight finds us all en route to the Coast. I shall meet Fr. Leonard in Pittsburgh tomorrow and we shall pick up the others in Chicago.

voyage we docked at Honolulu this morning and had seven hours ashore. The island of Oahu is by far the most beautiful place we have as yet seen. The view from the Pali is superb, while the environs of Honolulu are like a picture painted in deep rich colors, bordered with cocoanut palms.

Back we tramped at 4:00 P.M. and the boat pulled out.

Friday, Dec. 29.

Sierra Madre, Cal.—We tumbled out of the train at Alhambra this morning to find a

surprise awaiting us. Fr. Gregory, who returned from China on the last trip of the "President Taft," met us at the station with the news that our boat is held up till Jan. 3rd. One look at the flowers in bloom and at the mountains surrounding us, a deep breath of the summer-like air, and we decided that the delay wouldn't be unbearable!

Jan. 4, 1940.

At Sea—We boarded the "President Taft" yesterday afternoon, but did not set sail until 4:45 P.M. today. We stood on deck watching Los Angeles fade away in the gathering dusk. The pilot's boat left us after we passed the breakwall and our last link with the U.S.A. was broken. America—good-bye!

On board there are seventeen missionaries; eight Franciscans and four Jesuits bound for India, and we five headed for China. The Captain predicts a bad voyage—"too many sky-pilots aboard!"

And now—the ship is dipping—down, up—down, up!

Wednesday, Jan. 10.

Aloha! After five days of pleasant sailing and no seasickness to mar the

Saturday, Jan. 13.

Now we know the meaning of "oil on troubled waters!" The sea was playful today, dashing over the prow, sending heavy sheets of spray thirty feet or more into the air, soaking the decks, so that it was impossible without being drenched to watch the ship rise to the height of one swell and plunge into the depths of the next almost burying her nose beneath the wave! The engines were silenced this afternoon till repairs could be made on some damaged ventilators. While the boat was stopped, oil was poured on the water, and offered the sight of whitecaps dashing angrily toward us only to become suddenly subdued.

Tuesday, Jan. 16.

The ship held a "Hard Times Dinner" this evening, so in the dining room we had checkered table cloths, lighted candles with whiskey bottles for holders, waiters dressed like thugs and passengers masquerading as tramps, while about the walls were hung such signs as: "Don't mind if our coffee looks muddy—it was ground this morning!"

The sea continues rough—waves high, portholes closed.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.

Kobe, Japan—We docked here this afternoon at 2:15 P.M. In the latter part of the voyage the waves broke

Approaching sampans indicated our nearness to China's shore

Thursday, July 18, 1919.

I was diggin' a hole in the back lots with Tommy Maguire today, and Tommy said: "If we dig deep enough we will come up in China!" We soon got tired diggin' and I guess we were not even half way to China. But wouldn't it be fun if we did dig deep enough and pushed up our heads in China? I wonder if I would be scared at seein' Chinese all around me? Would they all look like Tom Lee, the laundryman around the corner?

Sunday, July 30, 1939.

Today five of us received our appointments for China. Frs. Aloysius O'Malley, Leonard Amrhein, Venard Johnson, Linus McSheffrey, and myself have been chosen for the foreign missions. We are to begin a medical course in St. Mary's, Brooklyn.

Friday, Nov. 24.

Word came this afternoon that we are to sail for China on Dec. 29th. That means leaving home on Christmas night. Quite appropriately, on the day He gave Himself to us, we leave to bring Him to those "who know Him not." We start under happy circumstances, in spite of the sorrow of parting.

one of our fuel lines, parted a few rivets in our hull, bruised our steering apparatus, damaged one of our propellers, and kept our Captain on the bridge two or three nights in succession. The emergency alarm rang at six o'clock this morning, but as the crew began to hurry toward their posts and a few passengers headed for the deck, word passed around that "it was only a short circuit!" The rough weather brought us here a few days late.

Thursday, Jan. 25.

Kobe is interesting and picturesque—both the city and the people. The town nestles at the foot of surrounding mountains over which the sun climbs in the morning before it makes its circuit of the heavens and sinks to rest in the sea. The Japanese are courteous and helpful and with their ancient colorful costumes make the streets look like pictures in a story book.

After some delay we procured passage to Shanghai on a French boat. We sail tomorrow.

Friday, Jan. 26.

Tonight satisfies even the most adventurous amongst us! The "Felix Roussel" is a passenger boat painted battleship gray with a gun mounted in the stern. Though it can accommodate more than three hundred first and second passengers, it is actually carrying less than twenty-five. With its luxurious salon and writing rooms and spacious decks unoccupied, the ship reminds us of the "Deserted Village." Every night we have "black-out."

Just now the fog horn is sounding every thirty seconds or so. A snow storm is making visibility almost nil. We were on deck a short while ago and the night plus the storm was so black that we could not see ten yards over the rail.

After unloading us at Shanghai the boat is to pick up a thousand troops in Indo-China to transport them to France. 'Tis well no submarines are reported in these waters. Would hate to take to the boats this night! Fog horn still

sounding! It is weirdly forboding.

Sunday, Jan. 28.

Well, we made it! After gliding through the muddy waters of the delta we sailed up the Whangpoo, passing tattered junks, low slung river steamers, steel-gray gunboats, ships of various nations—English, Japanese, French, Norwegian and American, and docked in Shanghai. Our first glimpse of China! Coolies ran all over the place carrying boxes and trunks, pulling ropes, moving gangplanks and making a good deal of noise about nothing in particular.

So, here we are—on the soil of China but not yet home!

Friday, Feb. 2.

Somewhere in the Yellow Sea, on board the "Fau Sang", a British Coastal steamer headed for Taku bar. Shanghai was very interesting. Side by side with modernity strides the very ancient—skyscrapers and hovels, limousines and rickshaws, high-powered trucks and wheelbarrows, speedboats and sampans!

The police force of the International Settlement is composed of different nationalities including Indians with their native turbans who look extremely efficient. English Tommies walk their patrols in pairs with rifles slung in the crooks of their arms. Wire barricades are stretched across certain streets at stated times, while armored cars standing silent and deserted at strategic points remind one of grimmer things that have passed. A trip to Chapei showed us what once was—houses leveled to the ground or having only a wall or two left standing, roads torn by shell fire, concrete pill boxes grimly guarding

street corners, public buildings defaced by ugly rents and scarred with traces of machine gun bullets—eloquent records of the days when the streets of Shanghai were dyed crimson with the blood of fighting men!

The weather was severe today with almost continual snow, yet the Chinese river folk kept at their trade of ferrying. Back and forth over the yellow waters went their tiny sampans, with men and women and occasionally children plying their peculiar single oars in stem and stern. I wonder if the commuters on the St. George ferry between Manhattan and Staten Island would care to make their daily trip in one of the bobbing sampans?

At 5:20 P.M. the "Fau Sang" weighed anchor, slipped past the usual array of oil barges, junks, cruisers and gunboats and turned her nose northwards.

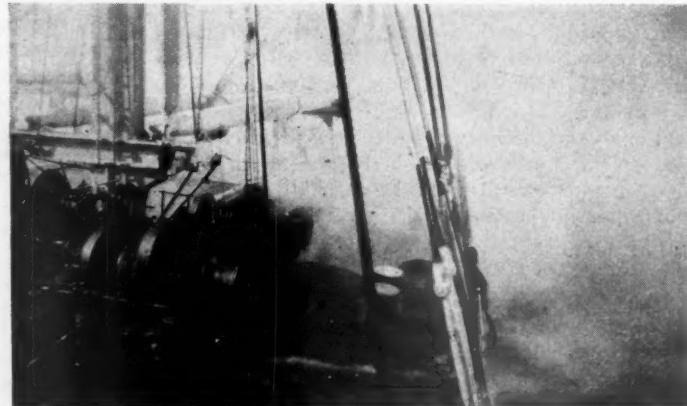
Tuesday, Feb. 6.

Awoke this morning to find ourselves pushing our way through six inches of ice. We entered the roadstead of Taku and remained there practically ice-bound. No tug attempted to reach us so we stayed here all day.

Wednesday, Feb. 7.

What a day! At noon a tug made its way to our side and took us off. After four hours of zigzagging we finally landed at Tangku, half frozen. Followed a cup of tea and a ride in rickshaws to the town about a mile and a half away. There we waited two hours for a train. The station was a wooden affair with two doors that sagged on their hinges and gave us a generous supply of fresh, biting air. The small iron stove had so many men and women grouped around it that the best we could do was to look on from a distance and imagine how pleasant it might be to warm one's hands over the only inviting thing in the place. A Siberian comforted us with the remark that it wasn't really cold, just bracing!

Finally the train



The S.S. "President Taft" noses into a heavy sea

pulled in and we climbed aboard. We had tickets that entitled us to seats in the first class car—if we could get them! We couldn't—so we sat on our bags in the aisle. At Tientsin we spotted an empty compartment and dove for it—ours by right of possession! We dozed most of the way to Peking.

At 11:15 P. M. we hopped off the train to find no one at the station to meet us. We had sent a telegram from Tangku, but evidently it had not arrived. For an hour and a half we walked the street. It was New Year's Eve and cabs were annoyingly scarce.

At last we rounded up a Chinese who knew just a little more English than we did Chinese, and got him to understand that we wanted two motor cars to take us to Yang Fang Hutung. In about fifteen minutes he had two taxis at our service, but before we could pile in some soldiers beat us to one of them. We put Fr. Leonard plus all the bags in the other, and told him to wake up the house and let them know we were coming.

Fr. Leonard had scarcely left when our "friend in need" rounded up another car and in we piled. Of course our "taxi caller" wanted a commission and we gladly gave it to him. He had been a blessing, and anyway it was New Year's Day.

For ten minutes or so we went along paved streets, one of which was brilliantly lighted and hung with lanterns, and then suddenly veered off into dark, unattractive alleys. The same question disturbed



Frs. Venard, Aloysius, Linus, William, and Leonard, C.P.



Frs. Wendelin and Kieran at front gate



This is our alley—they call it Yang Fang Hutung

us all—were we headed in the right direction? Quite suddenly we saw Fr. Leonard's car parked ahead of us. The driver had knocked at a door and was talking to a gateman. He probably received correct information for he continued on his way with us following him, and shortly afterwards stopped at a house which bore on its gate the welcome sign: "Passionist Fathers, Vicariate of Yuanling!"

It turned out that our telegram had arrived at 11:30 P. M. Frs. Caspar and Kieran had been dispatched to go and meet us but had passed us somewhere on the road at a point where they had to pull aside on their bicycles to leave our cars pass!

After a million excited questions and answers we said early Mass and had a breakfast of beans and corn flakes and hot coffee which tasted mighty fine to stomachs that had been nourished with little more than a sandwich and a cup of tea since early morning! Tired and happy, we are home at last!

I remember one day years ago digging in the "back lots" with Tommy Maguire, and Tommy saying: "If we dig deep enough we will come up in China." I remember too, wondering what it would be like to push my head up in China and see Chinese all around me. Well here we are in the midst of a Chinese city with our heads "pushed up" in China. How does it feel? To revert to type: "It's swell!"

I know we are going to like it here, and I'm sure we shall catch the enthusiasm the others show for the study of the Chinese language.

SEERS OF THE CRUCIFIED

By BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

THE unspeakable drama of the Passion has always seemed entirely too Divine a tragedy to be caught in the mesh of human language. Even so, we cannot and should not refrain from the attempt to express the overwhelming emotions that we experience in the presence of the Crucified.

Without shunning the pedestrian medium of prose, it will be acknowledged that the inspired reaches of verse serve better as a vehicle for the stirring thoughts and feelings that come to us before the Cross. After all, there is justification for calling poets seers. As these selections from their work demonstrate, they quite eloquently express those sentiments on the Passion which in most of us remain inarticulate.

If the physical and mental sufferings of our Lord are not the aspect of the Passion that every poet strives to express first, they are the first that strike the observer. Ivory and silver and gold representations of the gruesome reality of crucifixion serve to blunt our realization of what actually took place on that low hill on that eternally destined Friday afternoon. The poets sharpen our awareness.

Paul Claudel strikes the note of understanding in a single line of his "First Fall":

How does it feel, that earth Thou has made. . . .

And Richard Crashaw does the same with typical vividness:

Thee with Thyself they have too richly clad,
Opening the purple wardrobe of Thy side.
O never could there garment be too good
For Thee to wear, but this of Thine own blood.

But for an apocalyptic sounding of the horrifying depths of our Redeemer's pangs upon the Cross, we have the sublimely moving lines by Amos Wilder:

Therefore that One
Who most was man shrank from the shame
Of any lot less shameful than another's,
Fearing the ignominy of a name
Less ignominious than some human brother's,
That none
Might claim before Him to know well
The tranced tortures of some deeper hell,

Or cast reproachful glances from a fiercer cross,
Asking in vain for faith in some more hopeless loss,
And hope for some more desperate enterprise,
And love for some more utter sacrifice.
Therefore rejecting the cerulean bliss
He sought the corrupt abyss;
Revolted by the wrongs
Of those whose loathed immunities He shared,
Dreading the direr fate of isolation
And gradual alienation
From man and his millennial exultation,
Driven by a divine bitterness,
Impatiently He bared
His body to the thongs
As if a lover of His kind could not agree
In such a world as this
To any form of death save by the abhorred tree
And by deliberate will
United Love to man's extremest ill.

Yet of deeper import than the mere understanding of His sufferings is the realization of why He suffered. It is such a realization that causes F. Quarles to exclaim:

. . . O must our sinful pleasures feed
Upon His torments, and augment the story
Of the sad Passion of the Lord of glory!

In the normal human breast the full force of what He suffered, together with the reason for His sufferings, awakens an overwhelming thankfulness. This feeling of gratitude in turn arouses the desire to make some poor human return. Few poets could express this idea with more warmth than does Gerard Manley Hopkins:

Thou, Thou, my Jesus, after me
Didst reach Thine arms out dying,
For my sake suffer'dst nails and lance,
Mocked and marred countenance,
Sorrows passing number,
Sweat and care and cumber,
Yea, and death, and this for me
And Thou couldst see me sinning:
Then I, why should not I love Thee,
Jesu, so much in love with me?

However, one must not rest in sentiments of gratitude. While still in this world, the soul will be tempted to place acts that brought about the Passion. The internal war of body and spirit will continue. We are not surprised to find a great victor in this war, St. Thomas More, making his motto *in hoc signo vinces*. He puts it thus:

When fierce temptations threat thy soul with loss
Think on His Passion and the bitter pain,
Think on the mortal anguish of the Cross,
Think on Christ's blood let out at every vein,
Think of His precious heart all rent in twain;
For thy redemption think all this was wrought,
Nor be that lost which He so dearly bought.

And if perchance sin should sever the soul's union with God, what is there in all the Universe that will more swiftly fill the soul with the repentance of the

chief who was crucified with Him? Oscar Wilde, who was assisted at the end by a son of the Passion, surely needed a dynamic motive for returning to his God. He gives an intimation of where he found it:

Come down, O Christ, and help me! reach Thy hand,
For I am drowning in a stormier sea
Than Simon on the Lake of Galilee:
The wine of life is spilt upon the sand.
My heart is as some famine-murdered land
Whence all good things have perished utterly,
And well I know my soul in Hell must lie
If I this night before God's throne should stand.

"He sleeps, perchance, or rideth to the chase,
Like Baal, when his prophets howled that name
From morn to noon on Carmel's smitten height."
Nay, peace, I shall behold, before the night,
The feet of brass, the robe more white than flame,
The wounded hands, the weary human face.

But the Passion does not merely beget an abhorrence of sin. There arises in the soul a yearning to share the strange glory and the fascinating agony of it. This thought causes John Donne to declare:

....., for no affliction
No cross is so extreme, as to have none.

This longing to embrace the Cross, however, is preceded by an indescribable struggle, which is portrayed with truly tremendous emotion in the anonymous poem, "Go, Bitter Christ," of which we quote two verses:

I am battered and broken and weary
and out of heart,
I will not hear talk of heroic things,
But be content to play some simple
part,
Freed from preposterous, wild imaginings...
Men were not meant to walk as priests
and kings.

O King, O Captain, wasted, wan with
scourging,
Strong beyond speech, and wonderful
with woe.
Whither, relentless wilt Thou still be
urging
Thy maimed and halt that have not
strength to go?...
Peace, peace, I follow. Why must we
love Thee so?

Once the Cross is accepted, its unitive power with the Crucified Christ begins to be exercised. It is very likely this idea that prompts Francis Thompson to say:

Whom seekest thou through the un-
marged' arcane,
And not discern'st to thine own bosom
prest?
I looked. My clasped arms athwart my
breast

Framed the august embraces of the Cross.

Continuing this thought, Paul Claudel may well have been meditating on St. Paul's "always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus," when he wrote:

The Passion ends, and the Compassion continues...

One who is regarded by authorities as having come closer to the mystery of the Cross than any other since the first Paul expresses this unitive power with the fervor and finality of the mystic. St. Paul of the Cross, in words that make a fitting conclusion to the thoughts we have been considering, exclaims:

I would wish to be consumed
For love of God, my all-embracing Good,
Consummately transformed
In the bitter anguish of His Rood.

Ah! could His Passion by the art
Of love be pictured always in my heart!



Woodcut by James Reid
Preparations being made for the Crucifixion of Christ

June, 19

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER



EVERY dollar that passes into the box-office till increases the responsibility of Hollywood's writers, directors, and producers to provide entertainment of a high caliber. That they have been evading this moral obligation is only too plainly evident in many of the recent releases.

Only a few short years ago the Legion of Decency and the Hays office were forced to put into effect, in the case of the former group a rating system, and in the case of the latter a strict supervision of all screen material. This action was vitally necessary in the face of the many excesses which were the result of a lack of differentiation between artistic freedom and license. Today these same persons who were responsible for the previous debasement of the screen are gradually nullifying the powers of the Hays group.

The failure of the organization to prevent Congressional action on the Neely Bill, which will cost the industry millions yearly by the elimination of block-booking, has caused the Hays prestige to drop several points. Loss of a huge foreign market created a demand for an increased home audience. The combination of these two situations meant, to some executive minds, a general lowering of standards. Audiences were expected to rejoice in the new "freedom of expression."

But the exact reverse will be true. Flagrant violations of accepted standards, the increase of risqué dialogue, offensive sex angles, and themes strongly savoring of blasphemy cannot and will not be tolerated. There is no desire on the part of any responsible group or individual to foster a censorship imposed by law—such action will never aid in creating a medium of genuine entertainment and a field for the development of young talent. But there is a need, and at present a demand, for a more stringent application of the rules of conduct adopted by the producers themselves. These restrictions of good taste have never, even in the slightest degree, curtailed the artistic advancement or the financial success of motion pictures. As a matter of actual record, it was during the period of strictest enforcement that

Scenes from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new picture, "Edison, The Man," starring Spencer Tracy and Rita Johnson. The picture features the major steps taken by Edison in some of his great inventions, such as the phonograph and incandescent light



the industry turned out many of its finest productions.

The unrestricted warfare on moral standards is placing Hollywood in the unenviable position it occupied a decade ago. Unless the powers-that-be awaken to reality, they are liable to find that Europeans are not the only audiences they have lost.

* * * *

Judged by the high standards he has set in the past, Robert Emmett Sherwood's latest effort, *THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT* is a distinct and unexpected disappointment.

At times profoundly moving, but more often exceedingly dull, it contains the author's message of hope for civilization and a scathing denunciation of the totalitarian countries. It also, in a rather obvious manner, propagandizes for America's entry into the Old World holocaust.

A storm of controversy has been raging since the first performance, with Sherwood being praised and condemned in turn. All of which is mighty good publicity for a weak play.

Dr. Valkonen, Finnish scientist and Nobel Prize winner, and his wife are forced to sacrifice a son to the guns of the Russian invader . . . finally the Doctor is also called to the front line . . . leaving his American wife, rifle in hand, as the last line of defense against the oncoming horde. The allegory is plain.

Alert playgoers will find in it much more than an impassioned plea for human rights and the preservation of the democratic way. Sherwood is striving desperately to secure recruits for the interventionist camp, even risking his hard-earned reputation as a playwright of considerable ability in his effort. His personal reflections and convictions have permeated the entire play to the extent of hampering whatever action might otherwise occupy the center of the stage.

Therein, we believe, Robert Emmett has made his greatest error . . . he has sacrificed technique to zeal and tempo to eloquence. Had *There Shall Be No Night* been a better play, it would have been more effective propaganda.

* * * *

It may be that audiences have been spoiled by the frequent appearances of Maurice Evans in Shakespearean revivals. Or perhaps the Vivien Leigh-Laurence Olivier production of *ROMEO AND JULIET* has come on the tail-end of a very depressing season. Whatever the reason, the much-publicized revival is not the palatable play that such a combination of story and players would seem to insure.

Miss Leigh is, physically, the perfect Juliet and there are several moments when she does manage to capture the true spirit of the play. Olivier is a thoroughly capable, if not an ideally cast, Romeo. They receive splendid support from Dame May Whitty, Edmond O'Brien, Wesley Addy, and Halliwell Hobbes.

Carefully planned and executed, the production has benefited by a streamlined pattern. Cut to 21 scenes and staged in a compact manner, it is an enjoyable, though not exactly stimulating, addition to the season's roster.



Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's musical romance, "New Moon"

The action of the Pulitzer Committee and the Drama Critics Circle in bestowing their annual awards on William Saroyan's philosophic jumble, *Time of Your Life*, makes us wonder what standards have been set by the individual judges in their selection of the year's "best" play.

Surely not a rational, coherent philosophy of living, for Saroyan's work definitely lacks that. Moral rectitude is certainly not a qualification, for the play abounds in the sort of brash and blunt immorality so dear to the heart of many young leftists. Fluency of dramatic action is supplanted by a rambling, pointless method of presentation that is the only angle of the play deserving serious discussion.

It would seem that the committee members have decided to ride on the Saroyan bandwagon just to find



Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sing the familiar airs of Sigmund Romberg in "New Moon"

out what the eventual destination will be. Which is one way of fostering young talent, but hardly fair to the authors who have made tangible contributions to the theater during the past year.

TORRID ZONE— Warner Bros.—Even the combined talents of James Cagney and Pat O'Brien are insufficient to overcome the banalities of this overdrawn comedy-drama of conflict on a tropical plantation. Another example of the current disregard for public opinion that cannot be recommended on any score. The story has been borrowed from other, more successful, productions without achieving any degree of distinction. Ann Sheridan portrays a stranded chorus girl in a manner to make audiences wonder if the Harvard undergraduates were entirely wrong. Andy Devine makes several valiant attempts to inject his standardized comedy to no avail.

EDISON THE MAN—MGM.—Sympathetic treatment and quality production have made the two-part screen biography of Thomas Edison one of the most important of the year's endeavors.

Eager, ambitious, and a tireless worker, the man Edison kept faith with the boy who dreamed of transforming his ideas into reality. The accomplishment of his most cherished vision—the illumination of New York—is a thrilling moment. There is a romance—the story of his courtship and marriage—but the principal impression left by the film is the deep-rooted faith of a man in the face of almost endless disappointment, setbacks, and obstacles, and the thoroughness with which he approached each problem.

Spencer Tracy adds another brilliant portrait to his gallery of screen characterizations, and Rita Johnson, Henry Travers, and Gene Reynolds are outstanding in supporting roles. The film will provide inspiration for many and entertainment for all.

MY FAVORITE WIFE—RKO.—Comedies on the subject of marriage almost invariably cross the borderline of decency by suggestive scenes and dialogues abounding in innuendo. This is not the exception to the rule.

Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott contribute what merit the picture possesses by a group portrayal that is geared to the perfect light-comedy pitch. Reversing the Enoch Arden theme, Miss Dunne returns home after being a castaway on an island for several years. Fate and the scriptwriter decreed that it should be on the day that her husband remarries. The resultant complications run in the usual groove.

NEW MOON—MGM.—The splendid voices of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy blended in the unforgettable airs of Sigmund Romberg provide a welcome respite from "smart" comedies and the psychopathic

studies of recent vintage. Though many of this team's recent films have not presented them to best effect, they have remained vocally outstanding. In *New Moon* they are once again cast in the gay, romantic, operetta type of story best suited to their personalities. They score repeatedly both in the musical portions and the slight acting demands placed on them by the story. Old New Orleans provides part of the background, and though the plot has a fairy-tale tinge, as operettas generally do, the result is excellent entertainment.

OUR TOWN—United Artists—The Pulitzer Prize Play by Thornton Wilder has survived the transition from stage to screen and can be classed as a masterpiece of Americana. The scope of the camera allows for a much wider and more complete presentation of the story of one American town, than did the legitimate theater. Simple and unassuming as the people they are portraying, William Holden, Martha Scott, Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Stuart Erwin, and Frank Craven carry the action forward with ease and the appearance of living rather than acting their roles.

This story of the typical highlights and tragedies and joys of one town finds its counterpart in a thousand others in every corner of the land. It is a familiar tale, but the familiarity is that of meeting an old friend, rather than that of a well-worn and trite narrative.

LILLIAN RUSSELL—20th Century-Fox—Glittering and garish as the period and the personalities it pictures, this comes on the yawning-end of the biography cycle. Facts have been carelessly used and distorted and in some cases discarded entirely for effect. While it does not hold as a sincere biographical attempt, it is slightly entertaining in the manner of Hollywood's tinseled musicals. Alice Faye, while hardly the ideal selection to impersonate Lillian Russell, is sincere and capable, while Don Ameche, Henry Fonda, and Edward Arnold continue in the roles they have been playing for several years. Weber and Fields provide a nostalgic touch in one amusing sequence. In the light entertainment division, as fiction more than fact, this provides mild diversion.

WATERLOO BRIDGE—MGM.—Hollywood, as well as history, often repeats, but not always to salutary effect. Rejuvenated and modernized to fit the current scene, this adaptation of Robert Sherwood's play was salvaged from the files in order to capitalize on general interest in war stories.

Illicit love is the plot basis and suicide the solution, which disqualifies the production for general consumption. Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor, and Maria Ouspenskaya are excellent performers but not equal to the task of overcoming rather hackneyed situations. There is a false glamor attached to the situations in which the characters find themselves that results in a deceptive and dangerous impression to the uninformed.

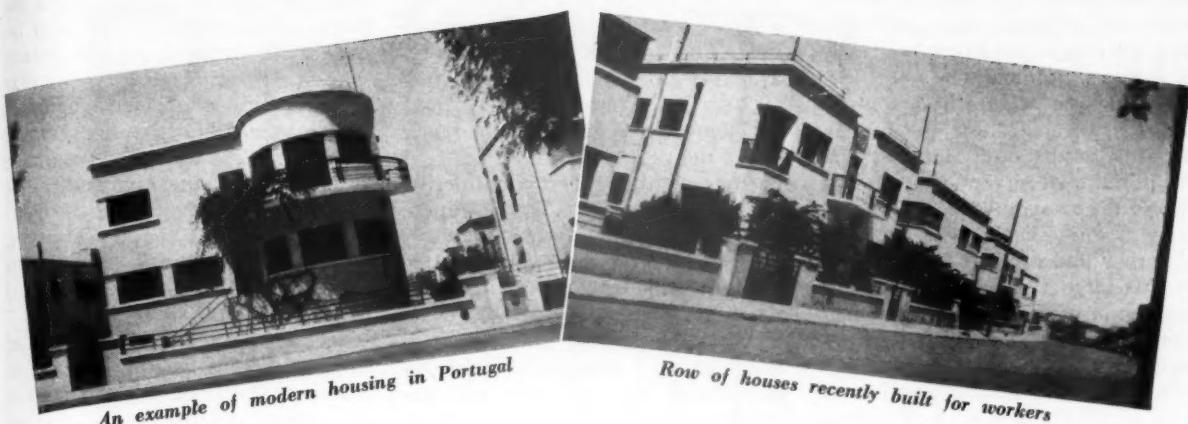
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An example of modern housing in Portugal

Row of houses recently built for workers

Dream Villages in Portugal

By EILEEN EGAN

THE press has carried frequent announcements of a new housing project for 412 families at Clason Point, New York. Ground has not yet been broken, and no one will be accommodated before the spring of 1941 at the earliest, yet the accepted plan has given rise to much favorable comment because of its novelty. It plans to provide a separate dwelling-house, and even a front and back yard for each low-income family. The executive of New York City, in telling of the history of the plan, called it his "dream village."

The project is truly worthy of notice because of its emphasis on the dignity and worth of the individual family—even the family that cannot afford an initial outlay or bind itself to a large housing loan. I am sure that some of its sponsors would like to know that other progressive governments have preceded them in building "dream villages" for the lowest income groups, and that these projects, undertaken on a country-wide scale, have been in all respects successful. They were not the first to see that the feeling of solidarity and independence that a family develops in the privacy of its own home ought to be available to the least-favored class of society as well as to the most-favored class.

Since the advent of Portugal's new government, based on an interpre-

tation of the corporative ideals of the famous papal encyclical, much attention has been devoted to the proper housing of the wage-earner and his family. Former Portuguese regimes had been so busy incurring debts and meeting obligations on still earlier commitments, that they never got around to slum clearance, or to the enormous problem of housing one of the most rapidly increasing populations in Europe.

Dr. Salazar, formerly finance minister, now Prime Minister of his country, balanced the budget and created order out of the chaotic finances of Portugal. In 1933, the government was in a position to start a housing program for Portuguese workmen. Like all other projects of the *Estado Novo*, as the new government is called, the plan was undertaken with a definitely thought-out philosophy and with a very practical method.

The Portuguese are individualists. Even the urban worker has not lost contact with the soil, has not lost that sense of freedom and independence which the agricultural producer possesses in his own domain, however small. It was decided that in re-housing these urban workers, each would have his own house, and wherever possible, his own plot of ground. Dr. Salazar commented: "A small, independent house means

quiet, tranquillity, a legitimate sense of property, a family. A hive means promiscuity, revolution, hatred, the merging of the individual in the multitude."

The one-family houses were conceived primarily as a defense of the family. The Portuguese Constitution recognizes the family as the basis of the life of the nation, as the "nucleus from which springs the parish, the township, and therefore the nation."

Between 1933 and 1939, housing projects have been carried on in all the districts most needing such development. The writer has seen the *bairros*, or sections devoted to one-family houses, in Lisbon, Oporto, Aveiro, and Viana do Castelo. Other such planned estates are to be found in Braganca, Vila Vicosa, Portimao, Olhao, and Braga. The houses differ in size and type to accommodate various needs and income groups.

One of the eyesores of Lisbon used to be a slum comparable to "Hooverville" of New York. The very poorest of the population had been forced to improvise houses for themselves out of tin, cardboard, and sundry waste materials. The "tin-can district," degrading to human beings, was entirely torn down, and new and sanitary structures were put up. Another development, mainly for street-car conductors and their fami-

lies, can be seen from the Hieronymos Monastery. The cheerful red tile roofs and shining white walls look very alive near the heavy gray stone of the ancient monastery.

Among the other Lisbon *bairros*, the *Bairro Social* for government servants stands out. Here we find the minor civil servants, and the officers of the army and navy whose salaries are necessarily low. Undoubtedly they find comfort and economy in this large and well-planned district. Some of the work in this *bairro* was done under a former government. This part, interestingly enough, consists of apartment houses. The additions of the new government are charming one-family houses that would command enormous rents in the United States. A magnificent new high school has been erected in the *bairro* to accommodate the children of these public servants.

In Oporto, which is for Portugal a highly industrialized city, there are four such projects. One of the six-room houses I visited will serve as an example. From the pleasant open-air balcony of the house, I had a view of a tree-shaded street. At the back of the house was a small garden. The furnishings were almost all antique Portuguese pieces of massive beauty. The cleanliness and charm of the neighborhood were reflected in the aspect of the rooms.

This house would be highly desirable to many a professional family in the United States, yet there it was within the reach of a little bank clerk and his family. It was interesting to note with what pride his wife showed

the visitor to her husband's study. It is not hard to discover how such a wage-earner could afford such comfort. The total monthly rent was \$7.50. The bank clerk's monthly salary was \$75. The policy in all these developments is to keep the rental fee at the proportion of 10 per cent of the monthly wage. Considering as well the low cost of food staples, one may judge that though monetary wages of Portuguese workmen are low by American standards, real wages are high.

Aveiro, a seaport town, is old-world in more than appearance. An older form of capitalism—the putting-out system—still flourishes here. This is the system of having the worker make shoes, for example, in his own home out of materials supplied at a central factory. The possible evils of such a system are avoided by a strict government supervision, and by a labor contract that provides for a daily, not a piece, wage.

Here, small, very economical units would be the only ones that could help a rapidly growing, semi-rural population. Such units are under construction. The houses are of different sizes, and each contains a shower bath. They are of simple design and are not out of place near the traditional country cottages of the region. There is provision for landscaping when the houses are completed. Thus, modern housing enters into a district that in other aspects harks back to an earlier era.

The arrangement for a relation of 10 per cent between rent and income is general in these developments. The

amount paid as rent, no matter how small, is really an installment on the house, which after twenty years becomes the property of the tenant. The finest feature of the entire plan is the insurance scheme inaugurated with it. A small portion of every rent payment is set aside for insurance. If the head of the family dies, the insured house becomes the property of the deceased's family. Thus the bereft family at least has the security of a home. Surely this is defense of the family of the highest sort.

So far, 10,000 persons are housed in the different *bairros*. In the current year, houses for 2,000 families are being constructed in Lisbon alone. Lisbon, being an old city, has some ancient and picturesque slums. The *Alfama* and *Mouraria*, two such sections, are well known to curious visitors. Similar old and fascinating sections of Coimbra and Oporto are quaint sights for the visitor but serious problems for the sociologist. These problems will undoubtedly be met and fully solved.

It is heartening to think that private enterprise is co-operating with the government's plan. The writer has seen the 74 private houses built for the employees of the famous pottery factory of Vista Alegre. In comfort and sanitation they compare favorably with six-room houses of suburban America. The accommodations for 60 families built by Azevedo, Soares and Company, owners of a cotton and fabric factory, are equally good. These houses have four, five, and six rooms, and more such units are planned. The big cement factory at Maceira da Cambra, in addition to such improvements as an excellent medical clinic, summer colonies for workers' children, schools and athletic facilities, has, in the last five years, built a similar housing development. Even the small water and electric companies in the various towns are planning to construct houses under terms similar to those of the government.

These developments, so auspiciously worked out in the last six years, will bring back increasing dividends as the years go by—dividends in family solidarity and in the health of the working people of Portugal. Let us hope that our country, incomparably richer than progressive little Portugal, will in the future build many more "dream villages" for society's least secure class.



New houses constructed for members of the National Guard and their families

Brother Titus tells a Traveler's Tale. By Enid Dinnis



THE Abbey children—those that came to the Abbey to learn their lessons, and possibly ripen into learned clerks, but at any rate to imbibe the wisdom of the ages—were grouped round the chair of Brother Titus. It was a Feast Day, and on Feast Days Brother Titus who was a marvelous story-teller would tell them a story of his own invention.

The fairy tales were as fantastic as any told at the hearth-place on winter evenings; fairy tales, in good sooth, although there somewhere lurked a moral for those that had the wit to look for it. For Brother Titus was undoubtedly very holy. Some said that the amazing inventions of his fertile wits were whispered to him by the angels who no doubt shared his love for little boys with long ears aprick for wonders.

At times in the telling of them there would be a faraway look in his eye, as though he were describing a picture once seen. Brother Titus had always longed to be a missionary and travel to far countries to convert the heathen but his superiors had selected for him the task of teaching children how to hold their pens, and how to read, and to reason by means of the rules of geometry.

It was a dull task for a man that had thought to wander over the world and see strange and new things, but Brother Titus never moaned his lot.

This was a particularly great Feast Day. Each urchin had been provided

with an apple to eat. Brother Titus ran his eye over the assembly gathered round about his chair, athirst for the wonder-tale to come.

"Once upon a time," he began. He spoke somewhat haltingly—he had yet to get into his stride—"there was a man whom we will call Jack the Adventurer. Not him of the beanstalk, but another as adventurous. Now, this same Jack was in a sore plight for he wished to visit a new country and as he had already traveled all over the world there remained no fresh country for him to visit; nor new wonder for him to see.

"Well, he was sitting in the parlor of the inn where he was stopping when he was moved to go out and wander in the meadow over across the lane that was called Mire Lane and sore vexatious to the carters that used it. And as he was wandering there thinking his sad thoughts there suddenly appeared flying above his head a huge and magnificent bird with a body as long as a fishing smack and wings like the sails of a windmill. It was swooping downward toward Jack."

"That would have been an albatross," Joe the miller's son commented.

"Haply," Brother Titus agreed, "but this bird had the voice of a man, and it addressed itself to Jack, asking him to which far country he wished to be conveyed, for it appeared that it was some sort of a carrier bird."

"Well, Jack took a good look at the bird. He marked its talons and its sturdy beak, and he had no great fancy to be borne aloft in either, so he thanked the creature and told it that he had already visited all the countries of the world.

"But the bird was unwilling to be balked of its good intentions. 'This world which you have traversed,' said he, 'is but a poor place. I can bear you to a world of very different sort.' And before Jack knew what he was up to it had caught hold of him in its beak by the seat of his breeches and borne him aloft.

IT WAS a strange journey," Brother Titus said. He was speaking slowly with the air of a narrator who makes up his story as he goes along. "The great bird flew high up into the air, and ever and anon it dipped to avoid a cloud and then poor Jack became deathly sick; and so he lost interest in his fate, and in course of time his wits became benumbed.

"When he came to he was lying on the soft grass, and the bird that had been his chariot was standing at his side."

"What country is this?" Jack was asking. He looked round and saw hills and meadows, and the spire of a church that was very like his own country.

"It is a country where you will see many marvels," the bird told him. "Marvels that are unknown to your country or any of the countries where you have traveled. This is a land of much magic and many magicians. Your poor old country can compare but ill with it."

"Jack looked around him, and his patriotic soul disliked the scornful comparison. 'It be not so unlike my country,' he said. Indeed to him it seemed not unfamiliar.

"Bide awhile and you will see," was the bird's reply; and with that it spread out its vast pinions and flew off."

Brother Titus readjusted himself in his high-backed chair.

"You shall hear what Jack the Adventurer saw in this land of marvels," he said.

"He walked slowly across the meadow in which the bird had deposited him." The narrator closed his eyes and began as though to read something that was written inside his eye-lids. "Beyond the hedge

he found himself on a highroad that was black and of remarkable smoothness. 'Hey,' Jack said to himself, 'no waggoner need fear to get his wheel stuck in the mud here.' And as he was so thinking there happened a strange thing. He saw a chariot approaching him along the road at a fearsome pace. Strange it was in sooth, and fearsome, for there was no horse drawing it. It moved of its own will. As it came nearer Jack could see a man seated inside with his hands on a small wheel set at the top of a stick. And in his mouth there was a tiny stick likewise, with the end thereof aglow.

"The man when he caught sight of Jack caused his chariot to stop. He spoke to Jack in a language not so unlike his own; and all the time the glowing stick remained in his mouth emitting smoke."

Brother Titus's audience pricked its ears. This sounded promising. A smack of the devil enlivens a story.

"Jack was able to make out that he was offering him a ride in his horseless cart to the town which lay a mile or two away, up on the hillside. He was right willing to accept the offer, being of adventurous spirit, and he pressed himself into the strange coach. The man inside set his hands on the wheel and they started off at a great pace.

"Within the twinkling of an eye they were entering the town that stood up on the hillside." (Brother Titus was warming up to his task.) "Here they stopped before the door of an inn that was called 'The Red Lion.' It stood in a street that was lined with shops that showed a variety of merchandise. 'You are doubtless hungry,' Jack's good companion said. 'We will eat in yonder, and after that I will show you somewhat of this country, for I see that you are a stranger.'

"So they made their way into the hostelry and mine host, who was clad in sad black garments and had a white cloth over his arm, showed them into a room with tables set for eating. The room was but dimly lighted and the said inn-keeper went over to the wall and touched a button, and lo! a bright light flooded the whole place.

"It grows chilly," he commented, and therewith he bent himself down and touched another magic knob, and forthwith a mighty fire of coals blazed on the hearth-place.

"'You have nothing like that in your country,' the man with a stick in his mouth said to Jack, and Jack was fain to admit that it was so.

"Then they sat themselves down to a fine meal, and Jack's companion took the stick out of his mouth and ate as any ordinary man might. Jack likewise ate his fill, for the journey through the air had made him hungry. 'You have many marvels in your country,' he observed. 'Does your King live in this town? I did see a fair palace over the way as we came in.'

"Why, no," was the answer, "that was the Picture Palace. Have you never been to see the pictures—those that move and talk?"

"Jack admitted that he had never seen pictures that moved and talked, and he looked so incredulous that his companion said, 'I will take you there and you shall see for yourself.'

"It was at that moment," Brother Titus continued, "that a voice sounded close to Jack's elbow. They were alone in the room. It appeared to come from a cabinet that was nevertheless too small to hold a man. 'This be witchery!' Jack cried, starting up, but the man that had had a smoking mouth only laughed. 'That will be the Pope speaking in Rome,' he said, 'and mighty dull hearing. I will switch on something more entertaining'; and with that he got up and going over to the bewitched chest touched it and the voice was changed to a burst of music of which Jack had never heard the like.

"I would rather hear the Pope," Jack cried, 'albeit that I understand not the wizardry that makes him to have truck with this strange country.'

THE man with a smoking mouth gave a grunt. 'The Pope has very little truck with this country,' he said.

"But I spied a church coming along," Jack ventured to say.

"A church? Oh, yes, but the Pope had nothing to do with it." The other stifled a yawn. 'But come along,' he said, 'we will go over and see the pictures.'

"By this time Jack was beginning to feel a mighty misgiving in his heart. What might all this wizardry mean? The magic chest was still sending forth its wild music that set his head awhirl. He had heard the Pope's voice speaking in faraway

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Rome! The very churches in this country were eerie and unhallowed, for the Pope had nothing to do with them. It was a land of strange wonders.

"They left the inn and crossing the road they entered the great palace where the pictures were to be seen."

Brother Titus sat back in his chair. He squeezed his closed eyelids together. "How can I describe it?" he said. "There was a glittering hall; and beyond that a place full of darkness, as might be a lair of the evil one; and rows of men and women were seated there looking upon what might have been a vast picture, save that the figures in it moved about and talked, as ordinary men do.

"Be they alive?" Jack asked of his companion. "Be they real men and women?"

"The man with the smoking mouth made answer slowly. 'They be real men and women, right enough,' he said, 'but I can't say that they are alive.'

"Jack felt the gooseflesh creeping on his back. He was beginning to wonder how much the devil had to do with these things that he was being shown.

"They were wonderful things that he saw depicted there," Brother Titus said. "Nor can I describe to you the strangeness of it all.

"At any rate Jack was not there long, for his companion was anxious to get on his way."

Brother Titus sometimes had this disconcerting way of breaking off at an interesting point in his story. A murmur of disappointment ran through his audience. This was a very eerie story that they were being told. They were hopeful for the sequel. The apples that they had been given remained in their hands intact as they listened for further wonders.

"After that," Brother Titus said, "they got back into the magic car. Jack felt that it was good to be out in God's daylight. They sped along the countryside and always along a smooth black road; and ever and anon another magic car passed by them, and sometimes a great wagon full of people that was likewise of that magic ilk.

"You come from a far country if all this is fresh to you," Jack's companion said, and his tone was con-

The Abbey children were grouped around the chair of Brother Titus. It was a Feast Day, and on Feast Days Brother Titus, who was a marvelous story-teller, would tell them a story of his own invention



descending so that it irked the soul of the listener, albeit that he had to admit that there were indeed wonders in this country that were not in his own.

"They passed through a number of villages, and in each there was a church with a gray tower. 'Have you God's Body in your churches?' Jack asked, for he was minded that he had been told that the Pope had naught to do with this country and he thought that haply it might lie under an interdict.

"Not nowadays," was the other's reply. "Those are ancient churches, but we don't go in for that."

"Jack pondered. 'Tis a wonder that I could show you if you came to visit my country,' he said. And after that he felt less abashed by the wonders that he was being shown.

"Some of our ancient churches are very fine," his companion said, "but of course we have our own buildings, the architecture of this present age. You will see some of the newest kind when we come to the city to which I am taking you."

Brother Titus closed his eyes and drew in a long breath.

"They were approaching a very

vast city," he said, as he began again.

"How can I describe to you the size of it? League upon league of streets lined with mighty buildings with a multitude of windows, and the lower part of them made of glass; and behind the glass a marvelous display of wonderful wares that were offered as merchandise. And ever to and fro in front of them there passed a motley crowd of men and women pressing onward and jostling one another, and seeking to cross the highway that was but one solid mass of cars that ran without horses—mighty wagons that were like houses made of glass with people packed in tight, above and below.

"And had they all smoking sticks in their mouths?" the voice of Tom the taverner's grandson piped up.

(Brother Titus needed keeping up to the sulphurous element.)

"There were some that had," Brother Titus said. "But it was the crowd that pressed along the highway that Jack was most interested in. There was a strange, fixed look on their faces as might be the look of men who were carried hither and thither by strange powers.

"Then, suddenly, there came to his mind a quick misgiving. He asked his companion the same question that he had done in the palace of pictures.

"'Be they living people?' he asked.

"Then he noted that the man with a stick in his mouth was not able to follow his meaning so he explained himself as best he could.

"'Have they got souls?' he asked, 'these that go yonder.'

"His companion did not seem to find it easy to answer.

"'I'm sure I don't know,' he said. 'Some people think that they have souls; some don't.'

"'Perhaps they are a race like the pixies,' Jack suggested.

"'You come from a very far country,' his companion said, 'if you believe in pixies.' And he offered Jack a stick out of a leather case which the said Jack refused to take with as much courtesy as it might be done.

"Right glad Jack was to get clear of that city," Brother Titus declared, "although his companion had shown him many wonderful sights and reassured him that its inhabitants were real flesh-and-blood.

"As they emerged toward the open country where there was space not covered with houses Jack looked about him and caught sight of a long, low hillock, or mound, such as might have been the grave of one of the giants of old. There was a door leading into a darksome chamber and it was roofed over with mud as are the dwellings of the savage.

"'Yon is doubtless where you bury your dead,' Jack commented to his companion. 'There be ancient places of burial like that in my country where the chiefs who slew each other were buried in the olden heathen days.'

"The man with a stick in his mouth shook his head. 'That's a new erection,' he said. 'It's a shelter for living people who don't want to be dead—who prefer to go on living.'

"Jack grew bold. 'In my country,'

he said, 'they say that in the days of old men did live in caves—the same that hunted wild beasts and dragged their womenkind by the hair of their heads when they did their courting; but those were the days of the barbarians, we have no such use for caves now in my country.'

"Then it seemed to him that he had been lacking in courtesy so he made haste to add; 'but doubtless you take liking in this kind of dwelling. When I asked about the churches you did speak of a new style of architecture that was of the present day taste that you would show me.'

THE man by his side was not appeased by the speech. He turned the tail of his eye onto Jack, as though he thought that the stranger might be having a pull at his leg, as men put it.

"'This is a highly civilized country,' he commented. 'We have to provide against the latest methods of warfare which are from the air.'

"But it would seem a strange and doleful thing to build sepulchres for the living,' Jack ventured to protest. 'In my country people seek sanctuary from their enemies in the churches, but then in our churches we have the Body of God that is risen from the dead and lives for ever. They be the homes of the living rather than the dead.'

"Then he thought of the faces of the men and women whom he had seen, and it seemed to him that he might have discovered the secret.

"As for the man with the smoking mouth, he had at that moment suddenly stopped the invisible horse with what might have been an inaudible 'whoa!'. He was staring up at the sky with his eyes half out of his head."

Brother Titus opened his own eyes, which had been tightly closed. "You must mind well, children," he said, "that this is a fairy tale." He continued: "Jack gazed up likewise. He saw a large bird with outspread wings bearing down toward them.

"'Tis the enemy!" his companion gasped, and the burning stick fell from his mouth as he felt for the handle of the door. 'You and I had best take cover.'

"'Nay,' Jack assured him. 'Yon is but the bird that brought me hither.' And then he added: 'and fain would

I have him bear me hence, for I like not your country with its sepulchres and dead churches.'

"'Suit yourself,' was the reply, and with that his companion was gone like a stone from a catapult, giving Jack no time to thank him for his kind hospitality.

"As for Jack, he stood on the roadway and beckoned to the bird, and swooping down, it once more picked him up by the seat of his breeches and bore him through the clouds.

"When he came to himself he was lying on the grass in the middle of the meadow from which he had started on his voyage."

"Perhaps he had been dreaming?" the miller's son opined. "Perhaps," Brother Titus replied. "But however it were he rose up and crossed the meadow. In the lane beyond there was a cart stuck in the mire and the carter had his shoulder to the wheel. 'I have prayed to St. Thomas to send someone along to help me,' he told Jack, and between them they got the wheel out of the mud.

"Then Jack made his way to the inn where he was to lie that night. It was now toward evening and a tallow dip was shedding a faint but kindly light on the oak parlor.

Brother Titus was gazing out before him.

"Across the way," he went on, "there was a dim red light shining through the window of the church, showing where the Sacred Pyx was guarding its mighty Mystery.

"'Surely,' Jack the Adventurer told himself, 'what need have I for seeking fresh countries in this world seeing that I have a World, in which there be neither time nor space, in which to seek fresh wonders and new marvels in the Heart of the Mystery that is Life itself?'

"And he set himself to say Compline, being mindful of the plague that walks in the night, and the noon-day fiend."

A piping little voice broke the silence that followed.

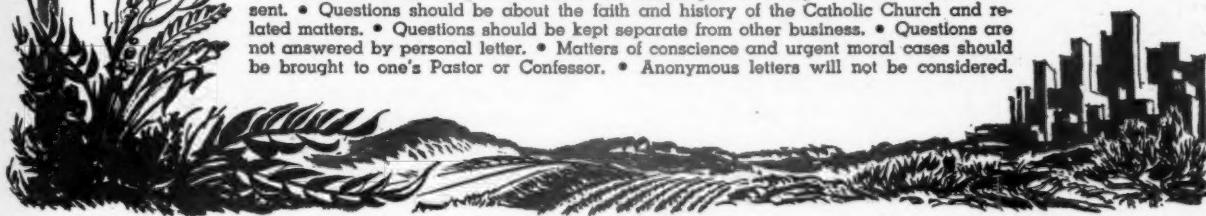
It was Tom the taverner's youngest grandson.

"Perhaps you dreamt it, Brother Titus?"

"Perhaps," Brother Titus admitted. "But, see, you have not yet eaten your apple. Come, imitate your Mother Eve in that way, but please don't imitate her in the matter of being over-curious."

The SIGN-POST

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Patron Saints of Slavs

Who are the Patron Saints of the Slovaks and the Serbo-Croats?

The term "Slav" embraces many peoples—Russians, Poles, Bohemians, Moravians, Bulgarians, Serbians, Croatians, Sorbs, Wends, Slovaks and others, according to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. Edward F. Smith in his *Baptismal and Confirmation Names* says that Saint Adalbert, a bishop and martyr of the tenth century, is "Apostle of the Prussians and Slavs and patron of Poland and Bohemia." His feast day is April 23rd.

Vatican and Aggression

A friend objected: "Why has the Vatican, as reflected in *L'Osservatore Romano*, so emphatically condemned the aggression of Russia in Finland and ignores or remains silent about the equally unjust aggression of Japan in China?" Would it not appear that the Catholic press has ulterior motives in allowing the conquest of Ethiopia, Czecho-Slovakia and China to pass uncensored, while they protest vigorously about Finland and Poland? Is there not an obligation on the part of Catholics and their press to condemn international immorality, whether on the part of foe or dubious friend, and not lay themselves open to the charge of being "selective" in their condemnations?

The Popes should, indeed, teach the world the principles of justice and charity, but they are not called upon to condemn every violation of the moral law wherever it seems to many to occur. They have condemned in general but severe terms unjust aggression and other violations of international law, not once but many times. No honest inquirer should be doubtful about the position of the Holy Father in these matters. Pope Pius XII has not, to our knowledge, explicitly condemned the Russian aggression against Finland. *L'Osservatore Romano*, indeed, reflects the mind of the

Holy Father, but it is not an official publication. The official journal of the Holy Father is the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*. *L'Osservatore Romano* simply applied the Pope's general principles to a specific case, where the evidence of unjust aggression was overwhelming.

International relations are full of difficulties. Prudence must always be exercised by the Church in regard to them. Only the simple-minded see them as either black or white. There is a great deal of ignorance, as well as hypocrisy, in the criticism levelled at the Vatican for its position in this matter. No impartial judge could pass judgment in a matter of controversy before he heard both sides. Have any of the warring nations brought their cases before the tribunal of the Holy Father and asked him to pass judgment? If the Pope had the same juridical power now as he had in the Middle Ages and the nations of the world would agree to submit to and obey his decisions in their disputes, then we could reasonably expect him to condemn international injustices without discrimination. But we fear that many nations would hesitate to appeal to him in these conditions. Hence, the Pope must limit himself to the enunciation of general principles in such cases and leave the application of them to the disputants and others qualified to form an opinion.

The principal object the Holy Father always has in view is the welfare of the Church and the salvation of souls. Forthright condemnation of this or that nation might please its enemies, but would it necessarily further the work of the Church and assist the salvation of souls? Secular newspapers etc., are not very much concerned with these matters. They seem to act on, if they do not admit, the slogan: "My country, right or wrong!"

That the critical attitude toward the Supreme Pontiff is largely hypocritical is seen in the general reaction to the Popes' explicit condemnation of evil practices that directly affect the individual and indirectly the community and are in a great degree the roots of international disorders, e.g., irreligion, apostasy from God,

greed, neglect of Christian education, divorce, contraception (birth control), indecent moving pictures and newspapers, etc. What response did the Popes get? Proportionately very little that was favorable. When Leo XIII condemned social injustices on the part of employers toward their employees, the former practically told him to mind his own business. And when Pius XI recalled his predecessor's warnings, he said that some employers—even Catholics—prevented the publication of the Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*. Yes, individuals and States are all for having the Pope use his moral authority when he favors their cause, but they are very cool toward this same authority when compliance with it affects their own selfish interests. No matter what the Pope does, he is sure to be criticized, as our Lord was by the Pharisees.

The policy of the present Pope is "peace the work of justice and charity." Do you suppose that he approves anything anywhere that makes for war and any peace that is not just? Catholic editors ought to know the general principles governing international morality, but they must depend on their own lights when applying them to specific cases. Some cases are clearer than others, making it easier to form judgments.

Animal "Trials"

A writer in "Nature Magazine" asserted that animal trials were common in the Middle Ages, when animals were held legally responsible for their "crimes." He cited the case of a pig which in 1386 was tried for killing and eating an infant. The trial was made a festive occasion and robed magistrates and clerical dignitaries sat in elaborate judgment. The pig was sadistically whipped, maimed, and hung. Again, he discussed the famous trial of the rats of Autun, who were accused of destroying the barley crop, but whose defense by the great French jurist, Bartholomew Chassenée, brought about the dismissal of the charge. Aside from those cases where cruelty was actually practiced, it seems to me that rather than view these incidents as "orgies of superstition and sadism," they were rather a tribute to the sense of humor and awareness of the lesser creatures during that era. Can the evidence for these "animal trials" be substantiated, and if so what did the medieval writers on jurisprudence, as Saint Thomas, maintain about holding animals legally responsible and punishable for their crimes?

Whether the "animal trials" above mentioned are credible or not depends upon the evidence adduced. The tone of the article seems to indicate that the author is unduly sentimental about animals and hence one would be justified in reserving judgment about his alleged facts. Nevertheless, we have no difficulty in believing that something of the sort took place. Medieval jurisconsults never held that dumb animals were morally culpable for their acts, as they did not (and do not) have rational souls. Saint Thomas teaches that neither election (choice of means to an end) or intention properly belongs to animals. Yet an animal may be properly punished for damage caused. The pig in the case merely was killed sooner than usual. It was made for food anyway.

Recently a thirteen-month battle over a dog which

bit several persons was decided by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn. The battle consumed the time of "one Supreme Court referee, two Supreme Court justices and five Appellate Division justices." The court ordered the dog killed. We prefer the style of the Middle Ages. It was more elaborate but also more speedy and certainly less costly. Animals were created to serve man and not vice versa.

Guilt, Personal and Social

Is it true that social entities as nations, social groups, etc., can sin, e.g., by an unjust war or social injustice? Is not the guilt of sin a personal one, and is it not abhorrent to Catholic moral theology to advance the thesis that men as individuals can be guiltless of sins which they commit as a social group?—ASTORIA, N. Y.

Moral bodies which are united for a common end and use common means to attain it are said to be moral "persons," but this term is only a legal fiction. Personality in the strict sense belongs only to individuals. Nevertheless, moral persons can be both blameworthy and praiseworthy. By redundancy the praise or blame devolves upon the members of the group. Thus, both capital and labor can be, and have been, guilty of abuses; States can be virtuous or vicious. God punished with fire and brimstone the wicked cities, Sodom and Gomorrah; our Lord said that Tyre and Sidon would have done penance, if they had received the graces of Corozain and Bethsaida. The greatest example of group responsibility is original sin, when the whole human race fell from sanctifying grace in Adam; and the greatest example of restoration is the redemption of the race by the death of Christ.

The blame for wrongdoing attaches principally to those who are leaders of a group or community, by whose power and authority the evil is committed. Subordinates who merely carry out orders are free of blame, unless they are convinced that it would be sinful to do so. The latter are not absolved from forming and obeying a right conscience, any more than their superiors. Association can never free one from the moral law. In regard to war, the ordinary citizen must rely on the knowledge and integrity of the government, unless he has sound opportunities of knowing the truth from other sources. Rulers of men are in a special manner accountable to the Ruler of All, as the Sapiential Books so strikingly prove.

Irish History

The article by Joseph C. Walsh in the March issue inspired me with the happy thought of appealing to you. My present employment brings many contacts where it is desirable that I should have a thorough knowledge of the true history of the land of my forebears. As to their religion I am very well grounded in the essentials and put a good amount of my spare time into improving my knowledge of Catholic faith and morals. My pastor can and has helped me to good reliable sources of English, Canadian, and American History. But I must have some good solid volumes on my shelf relative to Irish History. Could you name five or six of the more essential reliable works on this subject? When my acquaintance with some of our Irish Cath-

olic societies here improve, I may be confident of finding guides. Meanwhile, I am anxious to improve the shining hour.—MONTREAL.

We are indebted to Mr. Alexander I. Ronke, Librarian and Archivist of the American Irish Historical Society for these suggestions. For a hasty review of Irish History he recommends Johnson & Spencer's *Story of Ireland*, the Irish Christian Brothers *History of Ireland*, Dunn & Lennox's *The Glories of Erin* and Seumas MacManus' *Story of the Irish Race*. For a more thorough study, he suggests *Histories of Ireland* by McGeaghan, Mitchell, Keating and O'Halloran, and *The Annals of the Four Masters*.

"How Green Was My Valley"

Which of the two reviews of "How Green Was My Valley" in the April issue of THE SIGN was honest? Father Kennedy in his article, "What Sells Best Sellers?" says: "The writing is competent, no more, although its pseudo-lyric style will entrance the pseudo-literary." The unsigned review says: "An exceptionally good novel, well written and classical in type . . . may eventually be considered one of the best novels of the year." —BOSTON, MASS.

Both reviews are honest, even though they appear contradictory. Different judgments on the same object do not necessarily indicate dishonesty.

Friday Abstinence and Church Laws

Why is it a mortal sin to eat meat on Friday and other days of abstinence? Some scoffers at our faith want proof why it is sinful. In some places it is allowed to eat meat on Friday and in other places it is not. This makes for confusion.—COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.

The precepts of fast and abstinence are disciplinary laws of the Church which she lays on the faithful in order to procure their spiritual good. The Church is a perfect society instituted by Jesus Christ for the sanctification and salvation of men. As a perfect society she has all the powers which are needed to attain the end Christ had in view when He established it. Therefore the Church has the power to make laws and to sanction their observance, just as other perfect societies, e.g., the State, have power to make and sanction laws. Christ said to the Apostles, "Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. . . . Going, therefore, teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. . . . As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you."

A society cannot exist without rules or laws and a public authority to apply, interpret, judge, and sanction their observance. The Church not only preserves and explains the revelation of God, but she also prescribes what the faithful shall do or leave undone in order to be sanctified and saved. Hence the laws which command assistance at Mass on Sundays and Holydays, the celebration of marriage, the prohibition of books, the laws of fast and abstinence, etc. These precepts

are of grave import and hence their violation constitutes a grave sin. Since these precepts in their particular form are laid down by the Church, she is free to determine when the faithful are excused or dispensed from them. Thus, in France the Church has allowed the faithful to eat meat on Friday for the duration of the war, because the government has decreed that the first four days of each week must be meatless and it would be an added hardship to enforce the Friday abstinence. When one begins to realize the nature and the authority of the Church and the sublime work she has been established to do, he will see the reasonableness of her laws. Fridays, as a rule, are days of abstinence because they are appropriate days for the exercise of mortification of the flesh to satisfy for sin and to preserve from new sins, because Christ died on the cross on Friday. Christ's religion is the religion of the cross.

Blessing Arms

Catholics are confronted by the criticism of non-Catholics over the blessing of arms in various countries by the bishops and priests. They say it is inconsistent with the plea for peace; besides both sides cannot be right. What answer should a Catholic make to this criticism? Are arms blessed as claimed and what is the nature and purpose of such a blessing?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.

There have been instances of Catholic bishops and priests blessing war flags and banners, but we have never heard of them blessing arms and ammunition, though in the ages of faith it was customary to bless the swords of knights. There was something chivalrous about a sword wielded in the cause of God and the Church, as in the time of the Crusades, but there is nothing chivalrous about rifles and shells. It may look strange when the clergy bless war flags and soldiers and at the same time strive for peace. But this is not inconsistent. A country may truly desire peace, yet fight because a just peace is not forthcoming, as in the case of Finland, which fought only in justifiable self-defense. Both sides in a war cannot be right, but they can feel that they are right. Supposing a conviction of the rightness of their cause, why should not the clergy, who must also love their country, bless those who feel that they are in the right. (The clergy, by the way, are blamed by some critics no matter what they do.) The blessing is imparted with a prayer that God may protect the soldiers from physical and spiritual harm and that the right may triumph over wrong. The blessing might even aid in the defeat of the armies blessed, in case that would bring about justice, if Divine Providence so willed.

Preparatory Seminaries

Where may I obtain a list of the names and addresses of preparatory seminaries other than those of the religious orders, that have dormitories attached to them? —BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A list of preparatory seminaries is given in *The National Catholic Almanac*, pp. 290-292, but those with dormitories are not indicated.

Fire of Hell: Church and Cremation

(1) Christ says that hell contains everlasting fire. Since we leave our bodies behind at death, does this mean that the intellect undergoes the emotions and sensations of suffering as if the body and nervous system were feeling pain? Does the flame physically exist in hell or does it exist only in the soul of the damned? (2) What is the attitude of the Church toward cremation of the dead?—MAINE.

(1) How the fire of hell torments the damned angels and the separated souls of men has not been revealed, but that the fire is real and corporeal is theologically certain, though it has not yet been defined as an article of faith. Our Lord said that the wicked shall be condemned "into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. 25:41). The fire that torments the wicked spirits can also torment disembodied human souls before the General Judgment and afterward both souls and bodies. There is a great mystery here, but we must adhere to the Church whose mind is the mind of Christ. Our chief concern should be, not the nature of this fire but how to escape it.

(2) The Church orders the bodies of the faithful to be buried and forbids their cremation. Catholics who order their bodies to be cremated after death will not be given Christian burial unless they repent before death. If they make such a provision in their will it is not to be carried out. Catholics must not promote cremation in any way. This attitude is not because the Church regards cremation as an intrinsic evil (she would sanction it when it is necessary to dispose quickly of corpses, e.g., during pestilence and war) but because the modern practice was introduced by enemies of the Church who wanted to destroy belief in bodily resurrection on the last day. (Canons 1203, 1240, 2339). The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., publishes two five-cent pamphlets on cremation, one explaining the opposition of the Church, and the other describing the propaganda in favor of the practice.

John Rathbone Oliver: Paschal Candle: Lent: Palms: Seven Churches

(1) Is John Rathbone Oliver, author of "The Ordinary Difficulties of Everyday People" a Catholic and what is the opinion of the Church about his writings? (2) What is the significance of the paschal candle and how long does it burn? (3) What is the meaning of the word "Lent"? (4) What is the origin of the distribution of palms? (5) Does the origin of the practice of visiting seven churches on Holy Thursday date from the institution of the seven Sacraments and what indulgences, if any, are gained from making the visits?—MASS.

(1) As we have answered several times, John Rathbone Oliver is not a priest of the Catholic Church, but an ordained clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Sometimes the clergymen of this Church are called priests. After his ordination in the Episcopal Church he was converted to the Catholic Church. He registered at the theological faculty of a Catholic University in Europe for a time, but he never received any Orders. Subsequently he left the Catholic Church and resumed his status as an Episcopalian minister, devoting his time

to psychiatry. An educated Catholic who knows the author's background might read his books with profit.

(2) The paschal candle is a symbol of Jesus Christ, the conqueror of death and the true light of the world, returning in triumph from the darkness of the grave. The five incisions in the paschal candle represent the five wounds and the five grains of incense inserted into them during the singing of the *Exultet* symbolize the spices and ointments used to embalm the body of Christ. The paschal candle is lighted during high Mass and Vespers until the Ascension, when it is extinguished after the Gospel of the last Mass, as a sign that Risen Christ ascended up to heaven and was no more visible on earth. (*The Church Year*, Canevin).

(3) The word Lent is derived from *lenten*, a Saxon word which means the spring season. It is now used to designate the period between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday, the season of prayer and penance. (*Ibid.*)

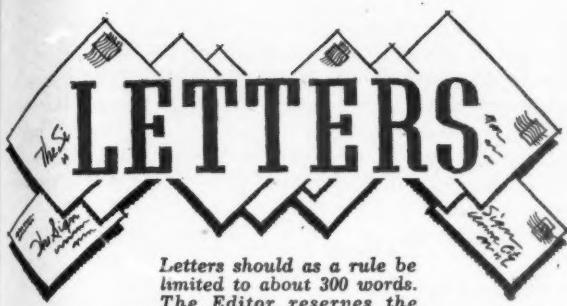
(4) The blessed palm or olive branches are a sign of peace and of the victory of Christ over the powers of evil. They also remind the faithful of our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. They are blessed before the late Mass on Palm Sunday. The faithful hold them during the reading of the Passion and take them to their homes as a sign of faith in Christ, and as a preservative against evil and a pledge of divine protection.

(5) The *Raccolta* says that the custom of visiting the seven principal churches in Rome is "of most ancient institution," but it could hardly coincide with the institution of the seven Sacraments, of which our Lord is the author. The most recent authentic list of indulgences, *Preces et Pia Opera*, n. 714, says that a plenary indulgence may be gained for each visit on the fulfillment of the conditions, but it says nothing about this indulgence having been extended to churches outside Rome.

Celebrating St. Patrick's Day

Please tell me why in Passion Week dances, parades, etc., are allowed in honor of St. Patrick? The statues in church are draped in black to remind us of our Lord's Passion and of His rejection by the Jewish nation, so it seems to me that our thoughts should be on Him and His appalling sufferings and not on St. Patrick, however great he may have been. Why not postpone these affairs until after the Lenten season?—BAYONNE, N. J.

It might be maintained that it would be more in harmony with the Lenten spirit if the celebrations traditionally held by Irish Catholics in honor of St. Patrick were postponed until after Easter, but it is not clear that they would be obliged to do the perfect thing. When ecclesiastical authority sanctions such celebrations, formally or tacitly, Catholics may with a good conscience participate in them. The Church is an understanding mother, not a puritanical disciplinarian who never makes allowances for human nature. Lent, like the Sabbath, which our Lord Himself was more than once accused of violating, was made for man; man was not made for Lent. If your suggestion were followed, the Catholic Irish would never be able to celebrate their patron's feast on the day itself, since it always falls in Lent. The statues, by the way, are not draped in black but in purple.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words.

The Editor reserves the

right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

THE ALLIES AND RUSSIA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The war in Europe has ceased to be "phoney." But the attitude of American Catholics remains as "phoney" as ever. They look upon a Hitler-Stalin victory as a decided calamity for our Christian civilization. Yet they manifest ill-disguised pleasure at every Nazi success. Or, to be more exact, at every British discomfiture. In the May 1940 issue of *THE SIGN*, Mr. Robert E. Lynch remarks: "We do not want Hitler to win, and yet we can't forget Britain courting Russia." Some months ago, a writer answering Maritain argued that England cannot be right in 1940 because in 1853 she fought the Christian empire of Russia, a Christian state engaged for years in persecuting the Catholic Poles and Ukrainians! In other words, England is condemned when she opposes Russia and when she courts its favors.

This courting of the U.S.S.R., which puzzles Mr. Lynch, is devoid of the sinister implications attributed to it. The Allies tried their best to draw Russia into the anti-aggression group of nations. It was not their purpose to secure direct military intervention. For both Poland and Rumania were unalterably opposed to this. They hoped to obtain for these menaced nations assistance in foodstuffs and military supplies until help could reach them from the west. But the main purpose was to forestall a union of Russia with Germany, for which leaders in both countries were known to be working.

It was not within the power of the Allies to grant the price exacted by Stalin. But Hitler did not hesitate to barter away the independence of small nations. The abortive attempt does not disprove, it rather confirms the identity of the Allied cause with that of Christianity. But, as the *Tablet* of London points out in all humility: "If ours be the Christian cause, it is not that we have chosen Christianity, but that Christianity has chosen us."

HANCOCK, MICH.

WAR CHAPLAIN

A VETERAN'S PLEA FOR HELP

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is a long time since we have brought our ever-present problems to your attention. The urgency of our needs forces me to ask your assistance. Hospital charges, and feeding the hungry have crippled us to the point where we cannot pay. Current bills have piled

up. Among your readers there must be some friends of God who will gladly reach out a helping hand.

At eighty-six years of age, I can hardly look forward to much more of life. My days are increasingly uncertain. But my assistant, Fr. Daniel McDevitt, C.P., is here to carry on this work amongst the colored flock at our Mother of Mercy Mission.

FR. MARK MOESLEIN, C.P.

112 West 9th St.
WASHINGTON, NO. CAROLINA.

WORLD RELIGIOUS STATISTICS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

During the past forty years there has been practically no change in the number of Catholics as given by English writers and books of reference. It constantly fluctuates between 230 and 300 million. However, it is possible to give fairly correct numbers. For many years Father Krose, S. J., has issued annually an ecclesiastical handbook (*Kirchliches Handbuch*) that has long been famous for its careful preparation and sound computation. The last edition for 1939 recently issued gives the following statistics:

Total present world population, 2,122,688,000. Catholics—398,277,000, equal to 18.8%; Orthodox, 161,305,000 or 7.6%. These are the only two unified Christian groups. All the other Christian groups, constituting 10%, are made up of more than a hundred varieties differing in some dogmas and moral teaching. Protestants, 201,868,000; other so-called Christians, 9,348,000.

The believing Jews number 16,891,000 or 0.8%; Mohammedans, 296,177,000 or 14%; Hindus, 202,162,000 or 11.9%; Buddhists, 180,990,000 or 8.6%; Shintoists, 18,800,000 or 0.9%; East Asiatic Varieties, 393,000,000 or 18.5%; other heathens, 115,828,000 or 5.4%; without religion or not stated, 77,742,000 or 3.6%.

Since it is very probable that among these there are at least 2% Catholics capable of returning to the practice of their religion at any time, the round number of all Catholics, 400,000,000 is not too high and is well substantiated. These are, as far as I know, the latest reliable figures available.

NEW YORK, N. Y. KILIAN J. HENNREICH, O.F.M.CAP.

AN AMERICAN AT THE VATICAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

February 27th was America's Day at the Vatican. The stars and stripes came to stand beside the white and gold of the Papal banner. It was the day on which Mr. Myron C. Taylor bowed before His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, and presented to him the letters sent by President Roosevelt. It was the first time since 1867 that the two States had seen such intimate relations. It was an historic moment.

The announcement of Mr. Taylor's intended visit to the Pope had been heralded in all the Roman newspapers. (The Vatican's own paper, the *Osservatore Romano* devoted great space to it.) I presented my request for a ticket of admission to the secretary of His Excellency, the Master of the Chamber. The secretary, who was a genial Irish Christian Brother, looked at me as though I had asked to buy one of the fountains in the Piazza. He recovered his natural smile, however,

and went into the inner office—returning with the information that the Cardinal Secretary of State was issuing passes only to the representatives of the leading world news agencies. This was intended to be a rebuff to me. In a flash I thought of THE SIGN. Why shouldn't this world-famous publication be represented? I thereupon extolled the excellence of this magazine for the Brother's benefit. His only answer to this maneuver was a twinkle in the eyes.

I was about to turn away when the voice of the Master of the Chamber called after me. He said I appeared to him like an ambitious cub-reporter. To confirm him in this welcome opinion I made a move to show him a copy of THE SIGN. Evidently he feared a sales talk. He interrupted my flow of English-Italian and I took my stand with the leading journalists—among whom were representatives from the Associated Press, Reuter's, the *New York Times*, the National Broadcasting Company. They were dressed in the proper suit for such occasions, the tuxedo. I wore the habit of St. Gabriel, whose Feast we were celebrating that day. Yet I didn't feel out of place, for I was thereby observing "Catholic Press Month" in a manner that its Patron, St. Francis de Sales, might have wished.

Our American representative made a striking appearance as he stood framed in the lances of the Papal Guard. With the maroon and gold of the grooms' colors mingling with the various tints of the Papal insignias, there was beauty more than enough for an artist. Yet the sense of character radiated by Mr. Taylor's appearance predominated over the esthetic beauty of the occasion. The attention was more attracted to the man himself than to his surroundings.

While some Americans may still withhold their approval of the President's gesture, the same cannot be said of the people from different nations with whom I have talked here in Rome. All are unanimous in their praise of this latest move toward peace. The fact that Mr. Taylor does not come in the full capacity of national ambassador means little to them. Nothing matters to them, except such "efforts toward peace." As the horrors of war grow more awful and the threats to America's neutrality loom more menacing, one is inclined to believe that common sensibility will force the few disgruntled critics to wish Mr. Taylor the best of success on his mission. He is working with a man whose Papal shield bears the motto, "*Opus Justitiae Pax.*"

ROME, ITALY.

REV. VICTOR DONOVAN, C.P.

CATHOLIC HOMES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In The Sign-Post of the April issue, page 563, there is a question requesting a list of Catholic homes supervised by nuns where women are taken care of for life. Women and men are admitted to this home and they may pay by the week, month, or in a lump sum. \$1,000 is mentioned in the question but I think this home requires more, if just a lump sum is paid.

The home is the Sacred Heart Home, Hyattsville, Md. It is only about eight miles from Washington, D. C., and is a relatively new place and first class in every respect.

BALTIMORE, MD. WILLIAM JEROME BRACKEN, JR.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read in the April issue a letter from Newark, N. J., in which a question was asked about Catholic homes. If the writer will send a letter to the Bishop Boyle Home for the Aged, Allan Stop, Pittsburgh, Pa., I am sure she will receive an answer to her question. I know that the amount of \$1,000 is required before one may enter the home.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

MARY O'CONNOR.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the April 1940 issue of THE SIGN one of your subscribers from Newark, N. J., inquired as to where a woman having \$1,000 as an offering could be taken care of by nuns for life. I am enclosing the addresses of several such homes where the inquirer may apply.

The following three homes are cared for by the Carmelite Sisters for the Aged: Mt. Carmel Villa, 4520 Chester Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Agnes' Home for the Aged, Stenton Avenue and Gravers Lane, Chestnut Hill, Pa.; St. Joseph's Manor, Meadowbrook, Pa.

The inquirer may also try St. Ann's Widow's Asylum, 212 N. Franklin Street, Philadelphia, and St. Joseph's Boarding House for Women, Norristown, Pa.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. FRATER PIUS OF THE
MOST BLESSED TRINITY, O.C.D.

THANKS AND A CORRECTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am writing to express a word of appreciation for the excellent notice given in THE SIGN to the recent statement of our Administrative Board. For the sake of the record, may I presume to point out that the title of the statement is "The Church and the Social Order"—not "The Church and Social Action."

WASHINGTON, D. C. REV. HOWARD CARROLL.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

J.K., Cambridge, Mass.; L.E.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.; N.G.C., Providence, R.I.; C.F.D., Washington, D.C.; M.F.D., Rockville Center, N.Y.; S.A.M., Newark, N.J.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.H., Cleveland, O.; H.L., Union City, N.J.; M.F.A.R., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, I. McG., Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Francis Xavier, A.C.C., Boston, Mass.; Holy Mother, M.O'D., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Mother of Perpetual Help, M.S.P.W., Newark, N. J.; Souls in Purgatory, K.L.G., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Our Lady, M.F.J.K., Rochester, N.Y.; Blessed Virgin Mary, A.J.S., Corning, N.Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Blessed Lady, J.W.W., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.F.A.R., Pittsburgh, Pa.; St. Anthony, G.P.M., New York, N.Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M.J.S., E. McKeesport, Pa.; Blessed Mother, J.H., Drexel Hill, Pa.; St. Anthony, H.M.K., Utica, N.Y.; St. Anthony, S.F., Belmont, Mass.; P.E., Coral Gables, Fla.; F.C., Brooklyn, N.Y.; H.M., Woodside, L.I.; E.F.B., Dorchester, Mass.; J.M.G., Gloucester, N.J.; K.O., Watertown, Mass.

CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH
THE EYES OF OTHERS

Jewels From the East

• CULLED FROM the Wah Han College examination papers are these gems of wisdom, passed on to an eagerly awaiting world by "The Rock:"

Rome is the capital of Italy. It has fine buildings like the Roman Catholic Church.

Berlin is the capital of Germany. In the city, all the people are armed with guns.

The climate of the Sahara is very hot. The chief products are the cheese, the carpet, the milk and the camel.

Vienna is famous for its sausages. The Blue Danube River flows through it.

In hot dry regions, the people of that region is always very hard to get enough of drink.

The sun rises due East because the earth was run the sun. Surely only the earth was running along the sun, not the sun was walking over our heads.

A volcano is a kind of mountain. When it explodes it is a burning mountain, but after it has rest it becomes a mountain as usual.

Dublin is the capital of the island on the west of England. It is well known in nothing.

Diagram shows the thick forest growing in Equatorial regions. Monks live in the top parts of the trees.

The feminine of manager is mismanager.

Monkeys Live Like Men!

• THIS SOUNDS like Lew Lehr, but it is really an AP report in the Cincinnati "Enquirer," from a Puerto Rican source. The world is indebted to Dr. G. R. Carpenter for this revelation:

The biggest herd in the colony is bossed, Dr. Carpenter found, by a husky male known as "No. 160." All the other monkeys toe the line when he is around. He gets first chance at whatever food is available.

A good-looking (from the monkey viewpoint) female who takes dictation from him commands the respect of all the lesser lights. She goes out and grabs food when no other female dares. Other males may make a play for her, but they don't get serious when "160" is in sight.

Wherever "160" goes, another big male, known as "174," goes along. Now "174" always has an eye on "160." Whatever "160" indicates is the thing, "174" does.

This, Dr. Carpenter points out, is typical "yes man" stuff.

Consequently, the doctor said, he was not surprised when he learned that "174" was the First Vice President of "160's" firm.

This was proved by locking up "160" and seeing who

would take his place at the head of the herd. And "174" did, and was accepted without a sign of dissatisfaction.

When "174" was locked up, his place was taken by a fellow named "150." And so on down the line.

A check-up showed that "160" commanded the biggest personal following; that is, he ran around with a bigger gang at his heels than any of the other males —58 in all.

Father Marquette Fails

• IN THE "ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT" Katherine Darst comments on a vote held at New York University:

Well, Jacques Marquette failed in an examination conducted this week by students of New York University.

The old boy was up for the university's hall of fame: Along with 142 others who had been dead over 25 years, he had been nominated by the public for a place. But the students turned thumbs down, because, as they put it, "he had never identified himself as an American."

This apparently did not refer to Father Marquette's French birth, because the students were willing to accept, and to give their necessary second, to a great many other people who weren't born here—James Oglethorpe, who was born in England; Junipero Serra of Majorca; and the second Lord Baltimore. Baltimore lived and died without ever making any attempt to visit the colony of which he was absentee landlord. Serra went back to Monterrey to die, and Oglethorpe had about 10 years in Georgia before he got back to his real business of life in Europe. No, Father Marquette did not flunk because he happened to be born in France. . . .

Maybe his writings weren't quite up to the students' standards. . . . Marquette's Journal of the Mississippi Voyage may be O.K. for a lot of stodgy historians who set store by the tale of the first white men to establish the existence of a great water highway connecting the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico, but that stuff doesn't get by with the students of New York University.

They like people who put themselves out to help America, people like Joe Jefferson, who adapted Rip Van Winkle for the stage, and Joel Chandler Harris, who wrote those "Uncle Remus" stories. They give Marquette an "F" in interest, because he was just a lazy Frenchman who learned the Indian languages, and was content to live among those dirty people.

Yes, Father Marquette lived among them for 29 years. When the fear of the Sioux drove the Hurons and the Ottawas from La Pointe to Mackinac, he went along. He was their friend and adviser. They loved him and they respected the gentle-mannered man who had brought them a knowledge of civilization and Christian faith. He died with the Illinois tribe, and they buried him on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Marquette didn't know the right people. He didn't name a colony for George II like Oglethorpe did, or stick around at home like Cecil Calvert. He identified himself with Indians, and you certainly can't expect smart young students at New York University to consider them Americans.

Here Comes the Bride!

- *The arrival of the favorite season for marriages suggests this reminder from "The Catholic Choirmaster":*

"Here Comes the Bride" is not a wedding march. It is a bedroom march. If you have ever heard Wagner's "Lohengrin" you would know "Here Comes the Bride" occurs in the evening after the wedding, and leads to the greatest tragedy of the opera; and to have this sung at a wedding should make any bride shudder. Hence the Church with consummate knowledge, good sense and good taste forbids it at weddings.

Sleepy Monk

- *A SLANDEROUS TRADITION maintains that all monks are lazy, but getting up after three or four hours of sleep every night is not exactly an easy life. Some monks, however, have great difficulty in rousing themselves for the midnight office. H. Gigon in an interesting article on the Carthusians in "The Catholic World" tells how one sleepy monk tried to overcome his weakness.*

At the end of the last century there lived a monk who found it exceedingly difficult not to oversleep. Often the infirmarian was obliged to come to his cell and shake him hard before he could be roused. The monk, however, had a natural aptitude for mechanical work, and determined to overcome his weakness by his manual skill. He made a clock with a loud chime to waken him at the hour for night office. The early form of alarm clock was a complete success, but alas! for only a few nights. He became accustomed to its sound and slept solidly through it. He added to his device the statue of a soldier with a drum. This too was successful—for a time. He then made a whistling serpent, in order to increase the noise, but the chime chimed, the drum drummed, the serpent whistled—and the monk snored! The poor monk stubbornly persevered, and invented next a mechanism which, automatically regulated, dropped a large piece of wood at a given moment onto his feet. For the first few nights after this he went to the night office—limping! Then the devil entered his feet and subconsciously, at the same time as the wood should fall, the monk drew them up, so that it landed on the bed only. And so he continued to sleep amid the noise of the chime, the drum, the whistling, and the shock of the falling wood, and again the infirmarian had to come every night to drag him off his straw mattress.

Time went on, and at last a night came when the infirmarian arrived in the monk's cell and found him snoring no longer—in fact, barely breathing. His fight had been fought and the hour had come for his reward. He murmured something imperceptibly and the in-

firmarian, kneeling to catch his words, heard him whisper with his dying breath: "At last, I awake!"

Vogues in Reading

- *A HINT as to one of the means of selling best sellers is to be found in the following by Douglas Woodruff in "The Tablet" of London:*

I can imagine libel suits being brought against papers for suggesting people were very well off, and consequently mean, when they are not. That, too, is damaging to credit in another way, and it does, in fact, make people very angry when people add gratuitous noughts to their salaries, incomes, or legacies. Except film stars and popular novelists, who know it is all in the day's work. I knew a writer who saw with amazement and joy, from his publisher's advertisement, that he had sold 30,000 copies, and reached a fifth large printing within three weeks of publication. He hurried round to collect something on account. "My boy," said the publisher, "you may know a lot about writing books—you know very little about selling them." When the author was in a calmer and more philosophic frame of mind, and again content with his hundred and fifty pound advance, the publisher explained to him that the public in the novel publishing world meant a great many vague and impressionable women, with library subscriptions, and a general desire to keep abreast of whatever the world is reading. If they believed Sanskrit was the vogue they would ask for Sanskrit. They would bring it back, but it would get its chance.

Taking the Census

- *SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES of a census taker, as described by E. G. Pierce in the "Saturday Evening Post":*

"You're taking the census for the Government? My, what a fascinating job that must be!"

"Yes, ma'am. Now, I would like to know how many persons live in this house, what are their names, and—"

"I'd love to have seen Mrs. Dudley's face next door when you asked her how old she was. What did she say?"

"—and how many rooms—"

"Rooms? That reminds me. Did Mrs. Stickert across the street give you any explanation for her living all alone in such a big place? I've been dying to know if—"

"Please, ma'am, just tell me how many persons, their names, and—"

"Oh, and there's another thing. I certainly do hope that you didn't go and let Mrs. Peasley give you any cock-and-bull story about only three living in their house, because I found out yesterday morning that her married daughter, Frieda, has left her husband, Charley, and come home to live. What did she say? Did she—"

"If you please, ma'am! I'm not supposed to discuss Mrs. Dudley, or Mrs. Stickert, or Mrs. Peasley's daughter, Frieda. I'm just supposed to find out how many persons live in this house, what their names are, and—"

"Well, you've got a nerve! Don't take that sharp tone to me, young man! If you think you can come prying into this family's affairs whenever you want to, you're very mistaken, you—you snooper!"



A Preface to Metaphysics

By JACQUES MARITAIN

"Thomism is not a museum piece. It is relevant to every epoch. It answers modern problems, both theoretical and practical. We are not concerned with an archeological but with a living Thomism."

In the first of his seven lectures on Being, Jacques Maritain establishes the necessity of traditional and permanent Metaphysics. Paradoxically, this permanent Metaphysics is also progressive and inventive. This is not the progress of substitution (the replacement of one incomplete solution by another more complete), peculiar to the sciences whose subject matter is "particularised being"; but it is progress of penetration, the expression of that which is implicitly contained in the permanent principles.

In the next three lectures M. Maritain directs our attention to the subject matter of Metaphysics: "Being as such." Lest he confuse us he finds it useful to declare what the subject matter of Metaphysics is not. It is not the "particularised being" of the sciences inferior to Metaphysics, nor is it the "vague being" of common sense, nor the "being divested of reality" which is the subject of Logic, nor the "pseudo-being" of a misconceived and decadent logic. He then prepares the way for the intuition of "Being as such" by giving several concrete approaches, and by furnishing a rational analysis establishing its necessity. In his last three lectures M. Maritain clearly analyzes the first four principles of speculative reason: identity, sufficient reason, finality, and causality.

Those acquainted with the science of Metaphysics and the fruit of M. Maritain's philosophic insight have been anxiously awaiting the translation of "*Sept leçons sur l'être et les premiers principes de la raison speculative.*" The translation finally

achieved, unlike many of the translations of M. Maritain's past works, is excellent.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.75.

Revolution—Why, How, When?

By ROBERT HUNTER

Justice cannot be done this book in this brief review. It is a book of utmost importance and interest to every citizen, whether of the United States or any other part of the world. It is not merely the work of a student but the product of actual knowledge gained from association with world-famous revolutionaries.

There are so many quotable quotes that if the reviewer succumbed to the temptation he would need many pages. This historical analysis of revolutions and their causes all through the course of known history gives such convincing proof that history does repeat itself that oftentimes while one is reading about days long past one has to stop and realize that the account is not about these United States of the 1930's. It was a startling discovery to this reviewer to learn that the only thing new about the New Deal is the name. Most of the panaceas offered to cure the ills of our depression had been tried in past centuries in Europe.

If this book were read by all our parlor pinks and street-corner reds there would be a great decrease in the numbers of those advocating the various isms. Every teacher and every civic-minded person should read this book. It is bound to make all conscious of the great privilege they have in living in a great democracy and how historically blind they are who expect any permanent good to come from the dictatorships.

This work is heartily recommended for its scholarship, its timeliness, and its fine literary style.

*Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.00.
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Cathedral in the Sun

By ANNE B. FISHER

Cathedral in the Sun is a story based on history—territorial history and personal history. The "Cathedral" is the famous Mission at Carmel, and so the "Sun" is that of Southern California. It is a story of the Mission builders—of the Spanish Padres and the Indians. Yet the actual building of the Mission is merely the setting of the scene for the rush of events that happen in the next sixty years, and a lot happened in California between the years 1818 and 1882. Indians, Spanish Dons and Padres, Mexicanos, English and Americanos, pirates, and gold seekers from every part of the globe—all these move rapidly across the scene; better, they provide the backdrop for the charming story of Juan the Indian Fiddler and his daughter Loreta. Juan had placed the cross on the Mission and his daughter carried on the spirit of the Mission builders, for she kept alive the Faith in her children until the country of the Mission remembered its past glory.

Carlyle House, New York. \$2.75

Bethel Merriday

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

Bethel Merriday tells the story of a schoolgirl who becomes enamored of the stage and who embarks on an acting career with a moderate degree of success. Participation in a college play starts Bethel on her course. This is followed by a term as student-apprentice at a summer theater in Connecticut. She graduates to Broadway, where after innumerable difficulties she finally lands a job in a minor role with a traveling company. Her difficulties, hopes, trials, disappointments, and successes offer an excellent and first-hand portrayal of the life of a trouper. After the show folds up, she returns to New York

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possessed of a fund of invaluable experiences and an extremely improbable husband.

Bethel Merriday is a story of the American stage. Sinclair Lewis, master craftsman that he is, writes from broad knowledge and profound conviction. He has had experience of the stage as actor and playwright. He loves stage people with all their whims and pettiness, their generosity and self-devotion. Perhaps this very love for his subject is an explanation of the weakness of *Bethel Merriday*. Sinclair Lewis is at his best as the caustic critic of what he considers narrow and provincial and reactionary in American life. In this story of the stage he has a subject which leaves his more violent emotions untouched and which, too, leaves the reader unmoved—unless it happens that he is as rabid an enthusiast for the theater as the author himself.

While it is a good novel, *Bethel Merriday* cannot be considered one of Sinclair Lewis' greatest works. It is decidedly better than *The Prodigal Parents*, but cannot be ranked with many of the author's earlier works.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. \$2.50.

Christian Life and Worship

By REV. GERALD ELLARD, S.J., PH.D.

Like a spring freshet, Father Ellard's revision of his splendid book, *Christian Life and Worship*, comes to enliven and nourish our liturgical consciousness. Unlike the spring freshets, however, the torrent of knowledge in this book will not pass merrily away. It runs with the deep, eternally plentiful stream of life which has kept the Church dynamically vigorous during her 2,000 militant years.

No better resumé of the contents of this book could be given than that contained in Fr. Husslein's preface: "In glorious review we here behold the Church's hierarchical priesthood; the inexhaustible wealth of her ceremonial; the almost limitless application of nature and art to divine worship; her sevenfold Sacramental system; her one Sacrifice, incessantly offered over all the earth, on uncounted altars, as the mystic and unbloody repetition of the Sacrifice itself of the Cross; her vast hosts of the Blessed, 'the endless procession of Christ-in-His-brethren walking before us,' with the Queen of all the Saints in gar-

ments embroidered with variety, and, at the head of all, the sceptered Christ, King of kings, and Lord of lords, with Heart meek and humble, and filled with love for us, Christ who is 'all in all.'

Striking illustrations have been contributed by the gifted young artist, Adé de Bethune. The comprehensive biography and index will be particularly helpful for classroom work and study club discussion, where, needless to say, Father Ellard's book will be in even greater demand than on our private bookshelves.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$3.50.

Calvin Coolidge

By CLAUDE M. FUESS

Calvin Coolidge, insofar as it presents the facts adequately, has definitive historical value; insofar as it interprets the facts, it has the value that the author's logic gives it. It is a favorable biography, reverential in tone, and while many will not agree with the author's conclusions, the reader can impartially draw his own. Unfortunately, the author seems to labor under the "a priori" conviction that any conclusions other than his own are the result of prejudice. He puts himself on the defensive too much, and an apologetic tone is in evidence throughout. Again, it seems contradictory to insist that Coolidge was not given to platitudes, and then include such typical expressions as: "I appeal to all Americans to rescue our country from the control of expediency, and return it to the control of true greatness."

Coolidge was a typical Yankee rustic. In fact, he has been spoken of as the only American statesman, "... who could pronounce the word cow with four syllables." He was a silent man. One of his Washington visitors wittily remarked that "... if he opened his mouth a moth would fly out." He was honest and sincere, but had little of the foresight necessary for a great statesman. He was definitely behind the times, and had little appreciation of the social and economic trends of his day. These qualities in no way recommended him for leadership. He believed that inaction was better than experimentation, not realizing that at times the greater error is in doing nothing. He will go down in

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history, together with his predecessor and his successor, as the last of "great" Individualists.

*Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass. \$4.75.
(Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.)*

The Winds of Spring

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

The Winds of Spring is a refreshing narrative, having as its central theme the struggle of a young immigrant to meet the demands of pioneer life in America and at the same time pursue his career as an ornithologist.

The promise of free land brought many immigrants to America's shores. Jan Carl Sorensen was one of those pioneers who ventured westward to Wisconsin. He was an aristocrat, disowned by his family in Sweden because of his marriage to Margretta, daughter of a peasant. Leaving a life of gold and scarlet uniforms, of music and laughter, the young scientist comes with his bride to face the rigors and hardships of life in Wisconsin.

Most of Jan's fellow-pioneers are sturdy peasants and are well prepared to undertake the enormous task of cultivating the vast wilderness, but

Jan finds his new existence very different from his life as a student in a Swedish university. From the very beginning he is unsuccessful both as a farmer and businessman. His wife is unable to understand his preoccupation with his beloved science. Jan is superior in intelligence to his neighbors, yet they achieve prosperity while he meets with failure.

Mr. Havighurst's novel is a sympathetic account of the efforts of two young people of vastly different temperaments to achieve mutual happiness and to adjust themselves to the manners and customs of rural Wisconsin. It is a realistic and absorbing story which will provide for its readers a better understanding of the many difficulties faced by men of science in pioneer America.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50.

Building Character From Within

By REV. JOHN T. McMAHON, Ph. D.

At first sight this title may suggest a treatise along tedious scientific lines, but this is no such type of book. The author's facile and graceful style renders it a book eminently readable.

The matter is divided substantially into two parts; the first, covering the duration of school life, with appropriate chapters on: "The Teacher's Example"—"Striving for Ideals"—"Asceticism for the Classroom," to mention only a few. The second part treating of the period following graduation deals with the problem of leisure. Fr. McMahon says: "The problem of leisure is the problem of leakage. . . . It seems to be poor spiritual and material economics to carry the Catholic child through school and then lose him because we cannot afford the extra time, energy, and cost to create some means of holding him during the testing years of adolescence." Toward a solution of this problem he offers suggestions varied enough to include every class of individuals.

Intended primarily for teachers of religion, the book contains many points of great value to all, especially parents and priests, who are concerned with the formation of religious character in children. Fr. McMahon's long and rich experience as a Catholic educator fully entitles him to speak with authority.

*The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$1.75.
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Wilhelmina

By CLEMENTIA

Wilhelmina, the new addition to the Clementia series for Catholic children, is a continuation of the adventures of the Marvin and Selwyn cousins.

The story is an interesting one dealing with a Banshee, a trip to the West, and a kidnapping. Young readers might, however, find the first part of the book dull, because of its didactic attitude and the lengthy descriptions of some too perfect children. The latter half of the story moves with more rapidity and is made wealthier by the more exciting incidents. Because of these, this reviewer is certain the book would be a welcome addition to any younger girl's library.

Frederick Fustel Co., New York. \$1.50.

The French Yellow Book

Diplomatic Documents (1938-1939) Papers relative to the events and negotiations which preceded the opening of hostilities between Germany on the one hand, and Poland, Great Britain and France on the other.

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Reynal & Hitchcock, New York. \$2.75.

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Blow All Ballast! The Story of the *Squalus*

By NAT A. BARROWS

On May 23, 1939, headlines screamed the tragic news of the hapless submarine which sank off the Portsmouth Navy Yard, carrying with it fifty-nine officers and men. The *Squalus* disaster, which caused the deaths of twenty-six men and proved for all time the worth of the McCann rescue chamber in underseas emergencies, was one of the most harrowing and dramatic of the year. It brought world-wide prominence to Lieut. Oliver F. Naquin, then Commander of the newest and finest submarine of the U. S. Navy, and to Lloyd B. Maness, a young electrician's mate, who played his brief and thrilling part in the underseas drama.

Blow All Ballast! is a gripping story, told by a veteran newspaper man who was on hand during all the harrowing hours the *Squalus* rescue was in progress. He has given a vivid and well-rounded account of all he saw and heard. The result is

an exciting adventure story which will appeal to young and old alike. For sheer heroism, the tale of the *Squalus* rescue has no equal.

Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. \$2.75.

The Morning Is Near Us

By SUSAN GLASPELL

This book, according to reports, is earmarked for the role of a best seller. A book club sent it to its subscribers. After reading it carefully one cannot but ask: what really makes a best seller? Father John S. Kennedy, in these pages in April, answers our question: advertising, the lack of competent criticism and low standards of judgment.

There is every evidence that *The Morning Is Near Us* will be well received by the critics. The "raves" are coming. Yet the book leaves much to be desired both in plot and literary style.

It's the old, old theme. The illegitimate girl is sent far from the family hearth because Father can't look at her and Mother is afraid to show her any affection. Father shoots man—another man. Girl takes up with roué without the benefit of state or clergy. Roué tires of her. Mother dies. Girl returns home to overcome "insurmountable" difficulties, including Father.

Is it any excuse to say that these sins and this situation occur in the best of families and that this sort of thing is life? These things do occur. No doubt. But why must they be written up to the extent of 296 pages? Why must we read about them?

If the first function of a novel is to entertain, this book lacks that primary quality.

Frederick A. Stokes, New York. \$2.50.

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Books and You

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

This is a book about books. Mr. Maugham has set down his opinions about some of the world's greatest classics which he thinks should be read by all those who aspire to culture. In a desultory fashion he comments upon a few of the great works of England, America, and various foreign countries.

It would not be fair to say that this volume is anemic, but it is hardly robust and full-blooded. It suffers tremendously by its small stature—it is far too much of a pygmy for a giant subject. The author attempted an impossible task—to cover adequately the vast terrain of four or five literatures in a brochure. Hence the work is superficial, despite the author's aspirations

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to the contrary, as set forth in his Preface. It is like salad dressing without the salad.

The book is excellent as far as it goes. Mr. Maugham is an accomplished writer and proves it by his critical acumen in analyzing the works he chose for this book. Some of his selections as great classics are open to question. On the whole, this is not a very meaty offering coming as it does from such a renowned writer.

Baldwin, Doran & Co., New York, \$1.25.

SHORTER NOTES

SAIN T GEMMA

By ALOYSIUS MC DONOUGH, C.P., D.D.

In this well-planned pocket-biography of sixty-four pages, the author, with clarity and sustained interest, answers the average Catholic's interest in his newest saint. The life story of this young woman, who gathered great riches in heaven in the short space of twenty-five years, is movingly told. It is inspiring to read of her love for Christ Crucified, her deep and intimate share in His sufferings, even bearing that mysterious phenomenon known as the stigmata, yet all the while manifesting such tender solicitude for the welfare of those about her. It will be encouraging to many to know that, though her life-long ambition to be a cloistered nun was denied her by God, yet the convent which rejected her while she lived, "wants her," to quote her own prophecy, after she is dead. Indeed, the whole world "wants her" for all the world is always needing and always wanting its saints!

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Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H., \$2.00.

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